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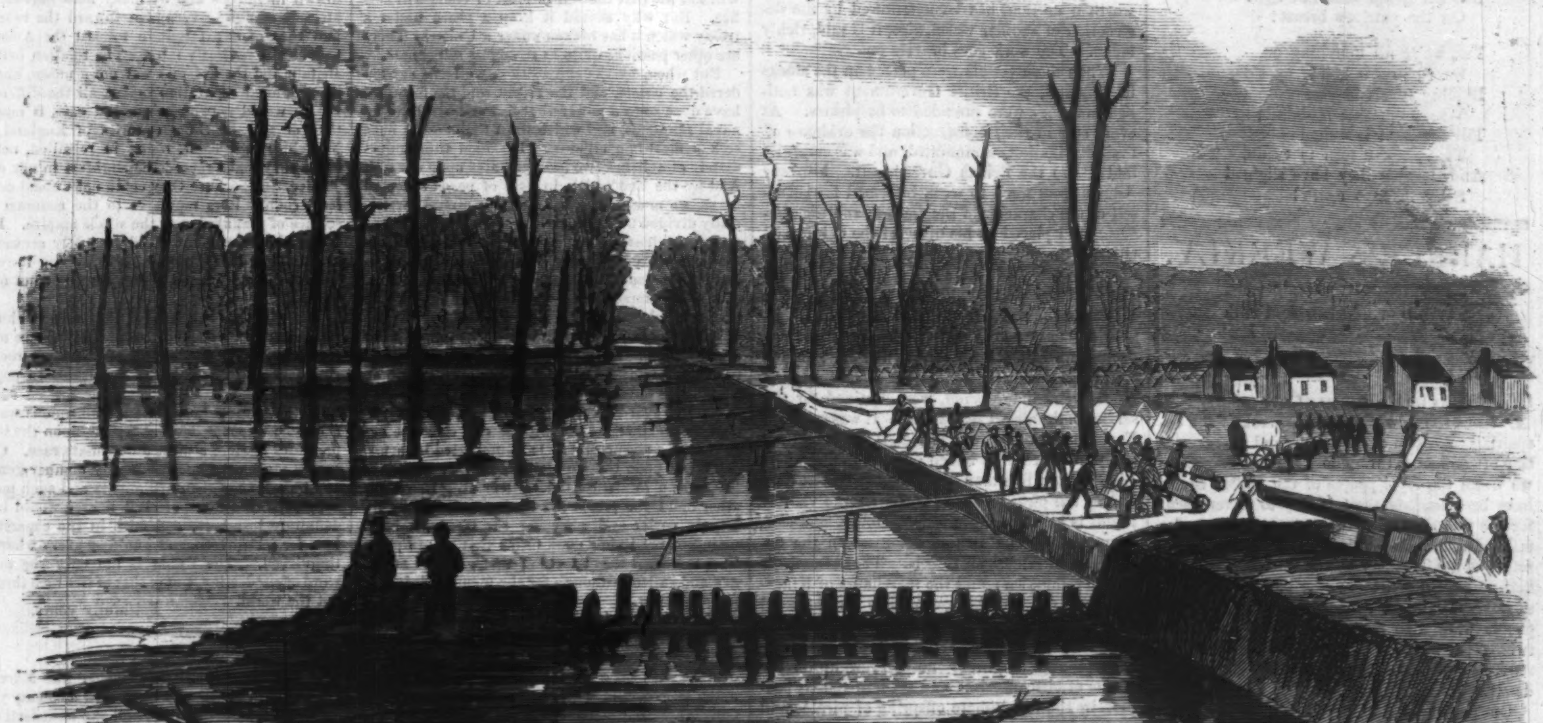
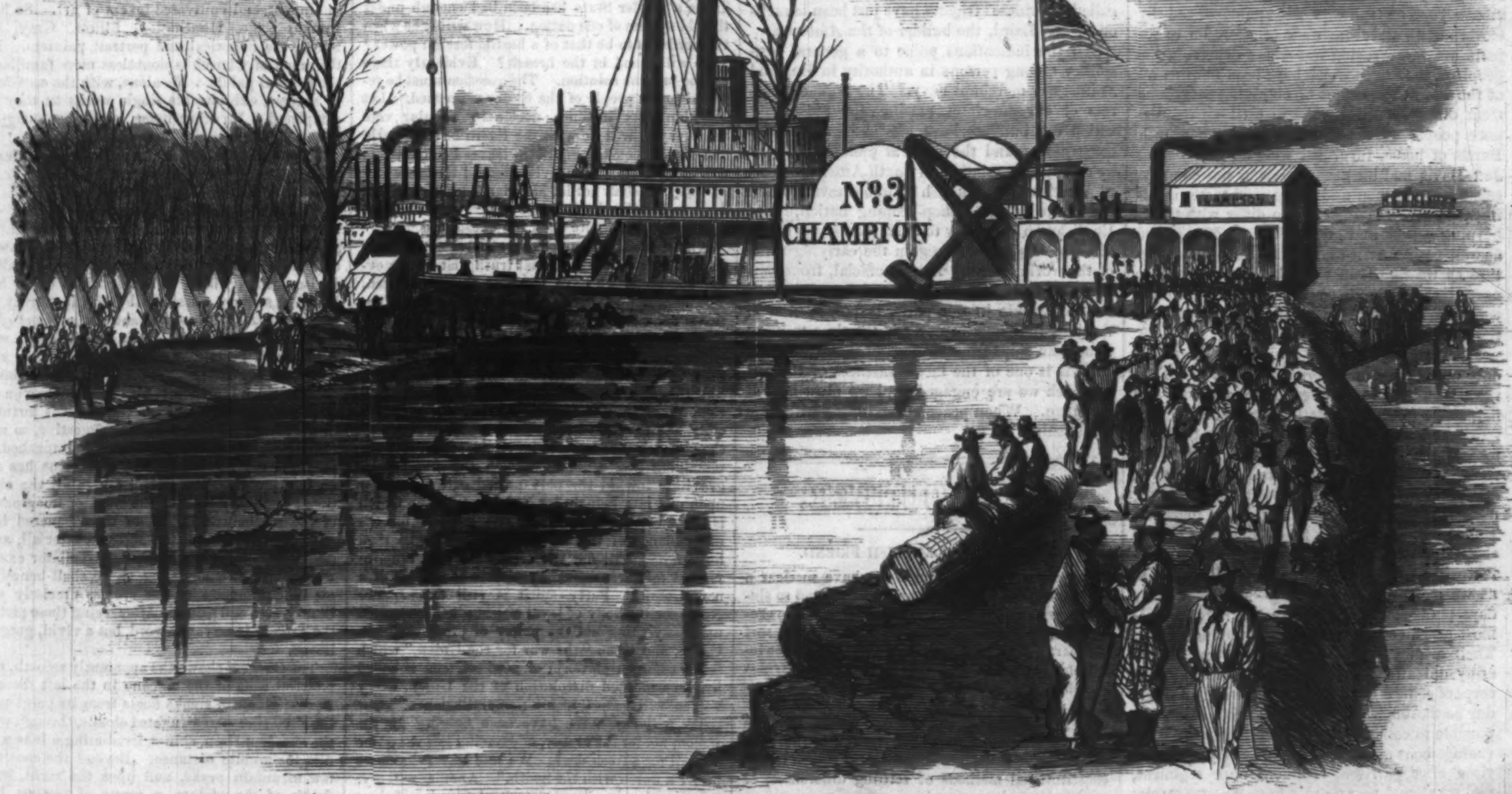


BREAK IN THE MISSISSIPPI LEVEE NEAR THE CANAL AT VICKSBURG.—Sketched by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 215.]



CUTTING AWAY THE DAM AT THE HEAD OF THE VICKSBURG CANAL.—Sketched by Mr. Theodore E. Davis.—[See Page 215.]

## FORWARD—MARCH!

Forward? Yes, we are going!
What craven turns back?
See the blood that is flowing
To moisten the track!
Blood from loyal hearts torn
When our foes passed this way,
A red pathway has worn,
We must walk there to-day!

Forward? Yes, God be praised!
We are all of one mind,
When His standard is raised
We dare not lag behind.
Dark the world grows around,
And shall we hide our light?
Trait'rous foemen abound,
What can we do but fight?

What are you, friend, or I,
While the Union's enslaved?
Who should mourn if we die,
So the nation be saved?
Oh! the earth closes tight
Where a coward finds rest,
But her green sods fall light
On the patriot's breast!

Yes, we're all marching on,
Sword in hand, side by side,
Bidding rebels begone
Where our flag is defied;
Till the land is united
That they're torn in twain,
And the flag they have slighted
Shall triumph again!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 4, 1863.

## NOW FOR A VICTORY!

THE news from all parts of the country confirms the view we took last week of the despairing condition of the rebels, and the restoration of confidence throughout the North. Since we wrote the loyal people of the United States have been lending their money to Government for the prosecution of the war at the rate of a million and a half per day. The Assistant-Secretary of the Treasury has been obliged to come here to expedite the printing of bonds, for the engravers could not furnish them as fast as the people wanted to buy them. Gold has fallen twenty per cent., and the collapse of the currency, so much dreaded at one time, is now indefinitely postponed.

On the other hand, each arrival from the South reveals a gloomier picture than the last. Starvation reigns at Mobile, Richmond, and Charleston. Flour is $60, $80, and $100 a barrel. The rebel currency, which is the only money current in Secessia, is so depreciated that gold sells at 600 per cent. All traffic of every kind is at an end. Agriculture has been ruined by the Conscription Act. The growth of manufactures, which had commenced when the blockade was established, has been checked by the currency collapse, and those which are still working are worked by the Government. A correspondent in Richmond writes that quotations of prices are mostly fictitious, for the simple reason that no one sells any thing which he can avoid selling, and all live simply "from hand to mouth." The railways are monopolized by Government, and from want of attention to repairs are fast wearing out—thus depriving the people of the States which have been the theatre of the war of the means of obtaining provisions from other localities. As to civil rights, the poor people of the South have none at all. Bands of horse, furnished with authority from Jeff Davis and his generals, scour the country, seizing young men and impressing them, stealing property, hanging all who differ with them, burning cotton, and laying the face of the land as waste as an African desert. Such is the picture as we find it in the rebel papers and the narratives of Southern refugees. To such a condition have two years of rebellion reduced the sunny South.

It is evident that this accursed insurrection only needs the *coup de grace* to finish it. That the rebels, however straitened for provisions and harassed by other tribulations, will succumb before they have been beaten, we are not prepared to believe. The rebel army will feed itself, though every one else in the Confederacy starve; and pride will keep the leaders steadfast as long as it is possible to keep their armies together. But the news from the South indicates clearly that the rebels are in that state that a single defeat will destroy them utterly. Such a repulse as we met at Fredericksburg—which for sixty days plunged the North into mourning and almost despair—would be fatal to the insurgents. Their armies would melt away as the French army did after Waterloo—when a magnificent corps of some 80,000 men disappeared in a single day so thoroughly that next morning it was impossible to collect 1000 of them together. Discouragement and despair would overwhelm garrison after garrison, regiment after regiment, and we should very quickly have counter revolutionary movements in each Southern State, and hastily organized popular demonstrations in favor of the Union. Backed by a decided victory, the *argumentum ad ventrem* may be relied upon to finish the work.

But a victory we must have. Who will be the General to win it? Hooker, they say, is moving more or less rapidly through the mud of the Rappahannock. Grant is not only engineering, but is getting ready to fight in the Southwest. Banks's cannon has been heard near Port Hudson. Hunter's bugle has sounded the advance at Port Royal. Rosecrans is feeling his way toward Southeastern Tennessee. Which of these Generals will be the one to enthrone himself in history as the man who put down the great slavery rebellion? There will be, we honestly think, but one more great battle. Who shall be the man to win it?

## THE BRITISH PIRATES.

The British pirate *Florida* bids fair to win as prominent a place in the annals of successful piracy as the other British pirate, the *Alabama*. The destruction of the *Jacob Bell*, with a cargo worth a million, has been followed by the destruction of another vessel, also, it is said, richly laden. The work goes bravely on.

When these vessels were placed on the stocks in England, the British Government was notified that they were intended to be pirates. At every step in their construction the evidence of their destination accumulated, and was carefully laid before the British Government. Minister Adams from week to week informed Earl Russell of the character of the *Florida* and the *Alabama*, and placed at his disposal the opinion of Queen's Counsel to the effect that the construction of these vessels was a violation of neutrality. The Earl was deaf to all remonstrance. "Her Majesty's Commissioners of Customs" at Liverpool and elsewhere, having probably had their pockets well lined with Southern money, discovered no evidence that either the *Alabama* or the *Oreto*, *alias* the *Florida*, were destined for the service of the Slave Confederacy. It was not until Earl Russell felt sure that the *Alabama* had got fairly to sea that he issued orders to detain her. Like master, like man. At Nassau and at Barbadoes the pirate *Florida* is a welcome visitor. Maffit is asked to Government House, and congratulated by the British colonists on the destruction of American vessels. The *Alabama* is fêted in Jamaica; and the merchants of Kingston turn out on 'Change to give a right royal reception to the pirate Semmes. One can not help remembering that these British colonies were planted as pirates' nests, grew up on the profits of buccaneering, and are now mostly peopled by the illegitimate offspring of pirates and mulattoes.

That it has been and is still the purpose of the British authorities, from Earl Russell down to the tide-waiters in "Her Majesty's Customs," to help these pirates to get to sea, and to assist them in their work of destroying American commerce, it is impossible, in view of the diplomatic correspondence before Congress, to doubt for an instant. Only a few days ago, Mr. Layard, on behalf of the British Government, stated in Parliament that he had no information of any vessels being built for the rebels in England, though the list of their forthcoming fleet has been published in all the papers, with the names of the builders, and the sites of the dock-yards where the vessels are building. Two of the so-called "Chinese" frigates have just been launched by Mr. Laird, the builder of the *Alabama*.

All the indications point to a general conspiracy among persons in authority in England against our merchant navy. The gradual progress of our merchant marine, the superiority which our builders have attained over British constructors, and the general preference given by shippers in Asiatic and South American ports to American over English bottoms, have aroused the alarm of the "shop-keeping nation," and Englishmen are ready to avail themselves of the alliance of pirates to regain the carrying trade of the world. Every British official, from Earl Russell to the half-disguised traitors who officiate as consuls in our ports, is possessed with the idea that now or never is the time to drive American ships from the face of the ocean.

This is one of the inconveniences of the war in which we are engaged, and we must bear it like men. When peace comes—then will come a reckoning.

## THE LOUNGER.

### LETTER TO AN ENGLISH FRIEND.

My dear Sir,—Although you have so clear a perception of the scope of our civil war, and so sincere a sympathy with the cause of the Government, I observe that you still conceive some sort of separation to be desirable and feasible, if not inevitable, and you add that many of our truest friends abroad are of the same opinion. If, however, you will look carefully at the facts, I am very sure that you will see, as we do, that the only alternative of the Government is the total overthrow of armed rebellion and a return to the constitutional methods of settling differences, or submission to its own ruin.

In the matter of disunion there are two points to be considered: first, the consequences, and, second, the methods.

If we make the attempt to recognize the "Confederacy," and succeed in maintaining Northern unity, we surrender the navigation of our great rivers to a treaty settlement. We abandon Chesapeake Bay, which reaches almost to Philadelphia. We renounce all the Southern coasts and forts from the Capes of Delaware to and through the Gulf of Mexico. Those forts command the mouths of the rivers and the course of our Pacific and South American commerce. Your Thames is an inconsiderable river. Would Great Britain relinquish the control of its mouth to a foreign power for the sake of peace? What would its foreign possession be but the sign of conquest? Besides this, we must establish an internal boundary line of 1500 miles, to defend against the most hostile of enemies. The greatest wars have been the defense of such lines. Such a line with us would be always festering; for slaves will escape, and the passions of borderers who have been wrenched asunder by civil war and consequent hate are uncontrollable. Then the Northwest is the granary of the continent. The Mississippi is its natural road to market, and the Northwest must and will control it. What conceivable treaty could guarantee that control as the Union does? You will tell me that the self-interest of trade will suffice. But why should it keep a peace under a treaty which it has broken under a Union? There are other passions quite as strong as selfishness.

But when, by the supposition, we have surrendered the coasts, and the rivers, and the forts, we have done so to a power that has and can have no naval resources, and which must therefore at once seek a maritime alliance. Disunion thus immediately establishes two foreign states upon our soil. And by the line which, in case of peace accepted by us, we must adopt, the North is almost territorially divided between the lowest point of the Lakes and the highest of the Slave region. And all this renunciation of territory, navigation, coast, commerce, internal communication, national honor, safety, and importance—all this whittling down of the imperial United States to a miserable cluster of balked political communities—when made after a war waged to maintain its pristine extension and power, is simply a conquest by the enemy, and an enemy that hates us the more because he was part of us, the ever-ready ally of any European or foreign foe against us, the willing and constant aggressor of a power that he has humiliated by arms.

This is upon the supposition that we ourselves propose an armistice and settlement. If, on the other hand, the rebels ask for peace, it will be infinitely easier and safer for the Government to maintain the Union upon terms that secure peace than to intrust the chances of that peace to an angry and sullen, although for the moment defeated, foreign power.

But any conceivable method of disunion is not less disastrous than the consequences. It is often forgotten by our foreign friends that union is an instinct with the great mass of our people, because union is synonymous with nation. We perfectly understand that our union is our strength and our success. It is this feeling which has hitherto enabled the Slave Power to carry all its measures. It had but to threaten the Union, and the country fell upon its knees in abject assent. It is the same feeling which has made the word "Abolitionist," which was synonymous with Disunionist, the most odious party-name in our history.

Let us then suppose that the attempt at disunion is to be gravely made. First of all the separating line must be determined. As there is no natural division this line must be purely arbitrary. Upon what principle, then, will you establish it? Davis will claim all the Slave States as his natural domain. But Kentucky does not willingly go with him, nor Missouri, nor even Tennessee. Maryland has a strong rebellious tendency, but there is a vital Union element in the State. What is to be done? To be a Border State has been bad enough under the old system of one nation. How will it be when the border is to be that of a hostile foreign power? Who will stand in the breach? Evidently there can be but one solution. The question must be referred to the people of the States concerned. Let Maryland, for instance, decide by popular vote whether she will go with the South or the North. But if she elects the South she leaves Pennsylvania a Border State. Pennsylvania will therefore say at once, "I shall not let Maryland decide whether I am to be a Border State or not." And she, too, will demand her vote upon the question.

And so we shall immediately arrive at the practical perception of the dismal truth that by removing one stone we have loosened the whole arch. The old national system will be gone, and the national bond being snapped each free State becomes a solitary community. But by the supposition, while thus the free States fall asunder the rebel States are a close, cohesive power. Nor only that, but they have shown their ability to maintain themselves as a Confederacy against tremendous odds, and they have compassed the destruction of the old system. Is it not inevitable, then, that the remaining States must establish a new system or gravitate toward the only united national power upon our late domain? And inasmuch as Union is the most vital necessity, and the war for the maintenance of the old form of Union will then have failed, will not the combatant that remains virtual master necessarily dictate the terms of a new Union? Party-spirit is still fierce. The North, or the body of loyal citizens, are not united upon any thing but the policy of preserving the Union, and when "the war for the Union," which is the common platform of good citizens, is ended by the conceded dissolution of the Union, every citizen will revert to his party allegiance. One party will cry, "We have been fighting for the Union, not for the nigger, and having lost the game we call for a fresh deal. We like slavery, and we go for a union with the South." Another will cry, "You can't mix oil and water. Any union of slave and free States, unless slavery or freedom are put in course of rapid extinction, will inevitably land us in another war." Intestine brawls will at once bristle all over separate States which have lost the strength and unity of a common purpose; and consequent anarchy will thus invite the forcible interference of the combined power which has compelled the separation.

When we are in a position to do what you suggest—namely, to curtail the dimensions of the rebellion, to push out the rebels from our system, and to hold them in check by a Sepoy army—we shall be masters, and our national peace, prosperity, and honor will be most wisely secured, as I said, by maintaining the Union. To offer any terms of composition until we have established that mastery is to confess our inability to do the work we have undertaken; in other words, to concede victory to the rebellion, and confess our national ruin.

As a foreigner, your view of our war is that of human welfare at large, not especially that of the existence of our Government. Yet your sympathy is with the Government, and why? Because you believe that the great cause of popular liberty requires its success. Now can any thing be more disastrous to that Government and fatal to that cause than its defeat by armed rebels upon its own domain? The parallel which is constantly drawn in Europe and by many here between the attitude of our Government toward the rebellion and that of Great Britain toward the American Colonies is radically false. The relation between Britain and the Colonies was not a union, and the geographical separation makes all the difference. If you would suppose a parallel case, it must be that of two or three counties of England, like Yorkshire and Kent, rising in rebellion, not because they had suffered the slightest injury or injustice, but because they could not extend certain local county laws repulsive to the common conscience of mankind over the whole empire. If the Imperial Government could be justly accused of gratifying a lust of dominion in aiming to reduce the rebellion by arms, so may we, but not otherwise.

You will thus see, I hope, that we are shut up to the issue of victory or ruin. The "peace movement" is simply the appeal of the most reckless and depraved of our party politicians to popular ignorance and passion, counting for its success upon the natural fatigue of a tremendous war, its necessary expense, and, above all, upon the brutal prejudice against a most unfortunate race. Could such a movement become in any manner general, and by means of such arguments and such men as support it, the cause of civil liberty would be indefinitely lost here, and faith in the capacity of men for self-government would be every where extinguished. The Union is not only the master word of *our* destiny, but of that of free men throughout the world.

Faithfully yours.

### THE OPERA.

After all there is no manager like Maretzek. He has been familiar to us all now for many years. From the famous days of Truffi and Benedetti down to these very nights in which we hear one of the best companies that ever sung in New York. Maretzek has been the most faithful and undaunted of operatic benefactors. His management has been always skillful and enterprising, and the charge of the jarring and tumultuous interests of an opera is enough to try the stoutest heart. The success of the present company is as sure as it is deserved, and it is another obligation of the public to Maretzek.

### COTOPAXI.

It has been the happiness of Mr. Church to achieve a more popular reputation than any American painter since Alston. Cole, Durand, Kensett, and Gignoux, our other masters of landscape, have a justly won and sustained fame among the intelligent and cultivated lovers of art. So have Inman, Page, Huntington, Elliott, Gray, and Hicks, the historical and portrait painters. But the name of Church is doubtless more familiar to the general public. He alone, with the confidence of success, exhibits his single works as they are completed. No other name, perhaps, among our artists would summon such crowds as his.

The reason of this popularity, and the justice of the public preference, are questions which I do not mean to consider now. What fame is, what reputation is, what fashion is, are inquiries that lead us into a region of subtle distinctions. As a Lounger, I have only to mention that one of the pleasantest public resorts at this moment is Goupil's gallery in Broadway, where, in the spacious upper hall, hangs in solitary splendor Church's last great picture *Cotopaxi*. It is a pendant to the *Heart of the Andes*. The other pendant is *Chimborazo*, a work upon which he is now engaged. The three are a series. They are parts of a whole in the painter's design, which is evidently nothing less than an epic of the Tropics in color. If the artist is fortunate in the selection of a subject so suggestive, so magnificent, so effective, and practically untouched, the public is not less happy that the theme has such an interpreter. You may listen to all the objections; you may hear of the want of imagination, of the mechanical detail, of the lacquered landscape, of the false glitter, and yet, after all, as we see in the statue of the Dying Gladiator exactly what Byron saw and sung, so we shall henceforth see in our fancies of the Tropics precisely what Church sees and paints. After seeing these pictures the Tropics is no vague word, but a vivid, gorgeous image.

The *Cotopaxi* shows the apparently smooth, symmetrical cone of the volcano in the left distance. A vast plume of smoke floats from its point across the sky in heavy, corrugated clouds, through which the sun, just risen, shines, irradiating a lake which fills the middle distance. Beyond the cone are a few mountain peaks, and upon the right, in the depth of the picture, a group of restless hills. From the fore-ground to *Cotopaxi* is a stretch of rocky plateau, fifty miles broad, clad lightly with thin grass. This plateau is divided from the right fore-ground and depth of the scene by a deep abyss into which the lake discharges its water, that foams over jagged rocks and whirls in blue mist toward the front. In the fore-ground descends a sheer precipice, against which birds are circling in the void. The plateau above stretches, a level promontory of rock, toward the lake, the reflection of the sunlight gleaming along its glittering surface. In the extreme corner of the left fore-ground is a road along which comes a peasant leading a lama, and a tropical thicket is pierced by a bowery path in which the luminous shadow is one of the marvels of the work. A lake in the midst of a vast rocky plateau, through a rift of which it flows away—the cone of the volcano, with the heavy smoke clouds, through which the sun glares as he rises—the cliffs and plateau stained with the myriad shifting hues of lichens, and tremulous with thin, whispering grasses, a cluster of trees in a corner—is the substance of the picture.

Its power is in the impression it conveys of the resistless force of tropic nature, expending itself in apparently aimless grandeurs and useless magnificence. The sense of solitude withering in its splendor, of a torrid fierceness which seems to aim at aridity, but is baffled by unexpected and inextinguishable beauty, the superb disdain which the equator hurls at high civilization and human mastery and progress, are subtly reproduced in this painting, leaving in the spectator's mind a feeling of that profound sadness, which the sight or the story of the Tropics always inspires.

The handling is of the same character and excellence as in Mr. Church's other works. The extraordinary elaboration of detail, as seen in the trees at the left, in the rockiness of the rock, and in the variety of surface, is unsurpassed even by the Pre-Raphaelite doctors. Yet it is subordinated to a breadth of effect which is equally striking. Brilliant and masterly effects of light and color with the greatest breadth are not uncommon. Diaz achieved them wonderfully in very small pictures. But Diaz sacrificed every thing to that single point. It was often smeared upon the canvas with a pallet knife. It was the crudest pigment. But Church secures the light, the brilliancy, the telling and broad effect without slurring the least detail. You have the granulations of the bark and the broad splendor of the tree. There is no niggling. It is honest work, resulting from the most sagacious observation.

Let us hope, some happy day, to see the *Heart of the Andes*, the *Cotopaxi*, the *Chimborazo*, and the *Andes of the Ecuador* all combined in a single exhibition.

—In the ante-room of the gallery there is a proof of the engraving of the *Heart of the Andes*, the result of three years' labor of ten hours a day. It is an exquisite specimen of line engraving worthy the most careful and intelligent study.

### FROM ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

THE Lounger commends the following correspondent to the Delmonico Committee as a citizen in extreme need of "sound political information:"

KISKATOM, *March* 19.

DEAR LOUNGER,—Dr. Mackay, the New York correspondent of the London *Times*, must, from the nature of his communications, breathe in an atmosphere laden with the poison of sedition. His letter, dated January 29, says:

> "The beginning of the end draws near. The patience of the people is well-nigh exhausted. They have long been disgusted with the war and the Administration. The disgust has communicated itself to the army. Confidence exists nowhere.
>
> "Even the Exterminators and the Abolitionists have begun to despair of their cause, their President, and themselves, and see before them not only the dismemberment of the Union into the North and South, but into a third republic of the West, accompanied by the utter prostration of credit, if not by a crowning act of national bankruptcy."

The first sentence is true, but not with the meaning of the correspondent of the London *Times*. The beginning of the end draws near; but it will be the end of this gigantic Southern rebellion, and not the dismemberment of the Union. "The patience of the people is well-nigh exhausted," writes this profound student of American politics, and self-appointed dissector of American nationality. The patience of the people can never be exhausted to a point where they would consent to national disgrace and extinction for the sake of a few years of uncertain peace. They may fume and talk; for talking is a national weakness. Congress is a safety-valve through which the surplus steam escapes. But the great heart of the American people throbs as strong and as loyal to-day as when the first bayonet glittered through Broadway. When will the "correspondent" of the London *Times* learn something of the nature of the American people, and something in regard to American politics? The two Woods may talk treason by the hour; but the country has taken their measure. Neither does Horace Greeley speak for the American people; for they do not believe in his doctrine of peaceable secession. From the nature of his position Dr. Mackay can not judge justly of our cause. A man must be among and of the people in order to feel of their hearts.

What does Dr. Mackay mean by the word "Exterminator?" Does he intend that it shall represent those who are for exterminating the rebellion? If he means this, then he must "count in" the great body of American citizens. Perhaps the fire of his excited imagination has conjured a people, demon-like, rushing South on a scalping expedition!

I beg the correspondent of the London *Times*, who is here fishing out of the by-lanes and places all the dirty stuff that he can find, to interlard his communications now and then with a little common sense. He need not be afraid of the article—it will not hurt him.

C. C. T.

### THE SONG OF SONGS.

A MOST timely and admirable war-song is the following "broadside," which has been widely distributed among the Union soldiers, who are now "sitting upon stumps by the road-side and in the woods of the South," and who have a tolerably clear "understanding of politics and the duties of the citizen."

*N.B.* Justice to the Delmonico Committee for the diffusion of Copperhead literature requires us to state that the song is not issued under their auspices.

*N.B.* 2. The Honorable Isaac Toucey does *not* sing this song at the close of his speeches for Mr. Thomas H. Seymour. Neither was he humming it when he sent off all the national ships of war to the ends of the earth, in order that the rebellion might encounter no opposition.

The writer of the song is Charles G. Leland; the air, "*My love she's but a lassie yet.*"

O! WE'RE NOT TIRED OF FIGHTING YET!

O! we're not tired of fighting yet!
We're not the boys to frighten yet!
  While drums are drumming we'll be coming,
  With the ball and bayonet!
For we can hit while they can pound,
And so let's have another round!
Secesh is bound to lick the ground,
  And we'll be in their pantry yet!

O! we're not tired of tramping yet—
Of soldier-life or camping yet;
  And rough or level, man or devil,
  We are game for stamping yet.
We've lived through weather wet and dry,
Through hail and fire, without a cry;
We wouldn't freeze and couldn't fry,
  And haven't got through our ramping yet.

We haven't broke up the party yet;
We're rough, and tough, and hearty yet:
  Who talks of going pays what's owing,
  And there's a bill will smart ye yet.
So bang the doors, and lock 'em tight!
Secesh, you've got to make it right!
We'll have a little dance to-night;
  You can't begin to travel yet!

O! we're not tired of fighting yet,
Nor ripe for disuniting yet!
  Before they do it, or get through it,
  There'll be some savage biting yet.
Then rip hurrah for Uncle Sam,
And down with all secesh and sham!
From Davis to Vallandigham,
  They all shall rue their treason yet!

### UPON THE REVOLUTION.

IT is part of the design of the Cooper Institute to furnish every season a series of popular lectures upon the most timely and permanently valuable topics, and several courses have been delivered this winter. Among them those of Professor G. W. Greene upon the American Revolution are worthy of especial notice; for they are the fruit of the extensive research and scholarship of a grandson of one of the most illustrious of Revolutionary heroes, General Greene, the friend of Washington. Professor Greene is in possession of his grandfather's private papers, which he was preparing for publication when the war began. Newer interests are now likely to postpone, if not entirely to prevent, their appearance. Meanwhile a series of discourses upon the Revolution has been prepared and delivered by Professor Greene before the Lowell Institute in Boston with the greatest success. They have been repeated, or are even now repeating, at the Cooper Institute. Professor Greene's scholarly accomplishments and hereditary interest in the great theme are the sure guarantees of the interest and value of his discourses. The Lyceum Committees of the next season might wisely bear the fact in mind.

### LITERARY.

IN reply to numerous inquiries the Lounger says, what he omitted to say in his article upon "The Trial of the Constitution," by Sidney George Fisher, that it is published by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

"Sylvia's Lovers" is the new novel by Mrs. Gaskell—a story of English life, told with the eloquent fervor and dramatic power for which the authoress of "Mary Barton" has long since established her fame. It has been greeted with great praise by the London critics, and shows that Mrs. Gaskell is not yet to be superseded by the fresher triumphs of Mrs. Wood or the authoress of "Aurora Floyd." Indeed Mrs. Gaskell and Miss Evans, the author of "Adam Bede" and "Romola" (now publishing in *Harper's Magazine*), are still unrivaled among the "female novelists" of England. Published by Harper & Brothers.

In this number of the *Weekly* is the brilliant opening of Charles Reade's new novel, "Very Hard Cash." Mr. Tom Hughes must look to his laurels. Mr. Reade begins by a most spirited picture of boat-racing at Oxford, and places four marked characters upon the stage. The breeze blows in his stories from the very beginning. There is a *staccato* in the style, a brisk movement, a disdain of weariness and prosiness, that make his pages sparkle. There are no better tales to read in numbers than Reade's, for his dramatic habit leads him to finish every part like a scene upon the stage. Begin with the beginning.

The value of General Butterfield's "Outpost Duty" may be inferred from the fact of the large Government orders for the use of the army. The accomplished Chief of Staff in the Army of the Potomac has prepared a most timely and lucid manual. It is both the illustration of his own military intelligence and a friendly service to his fellow-soldiers. Published by Harper & Brothers.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"I SAY, Mike, what sort of potatoes are those you are planting?" "Raw ones, to be sure; yer honor wouldn't be thinking I would plant boiled ones."

◆

"Papa, what is that picture over the mantle-piece?" The vain father answered, "Why, that's papa's arms, my darling." "Then why don't you have your legs put up too?" was the reply.

◆

A gentleman who had lost his wife, whose maiden name was Little, addressed the following to Miss More, a lady of diminutive stature:

"I've lost the little once I had,
My heart is sad and sore,
So now I should be very glad
To have a little more."

To which the lady sent the following answer:

"I pity much the loss you've had;
The grief you must endure—
A heart by Little made so sad,
A little More won't cure."

◆

The butler to Lord B—— gave up his place because his lordship's wife was always scolding him. "Good gracious!" exclaimed his master, "ye've little to complain o'; ye may be thankfu' ye're no married to her."

◆

A certain old lady, whenever she hires a servant-man always asks, "Can you whistle?" On being asked the reason of this curious question she says that she always makes him whistle when he goes to draw the ale until he returns, thus securing him from tasting.

◆

The philosopher Bion said pleasantly of the King who by handfuls pulled his hair off his head for sorrow, "Does this man think that baldness is a remedy for grief?"

◆

The man who attempted to whistle a bar of soap, has injured his voice by trying to sing a stave off a barrel.

◆

A railroad contractor recently tried to take a ride on a "train of thought," and falling off, was run over by a "passing event."

◆

He who said that the half is often better than the whole, might have added that none at all is often better than the half.

◆

Young ladies are like arrows—they are all in a quiver till the beaux come and can't go off without them.

### DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

What Christian name reads both ways the same?
*Hannah.*

Why is Ireland likely to become very rich?
*Because its capital is always doubling (Dublin).*

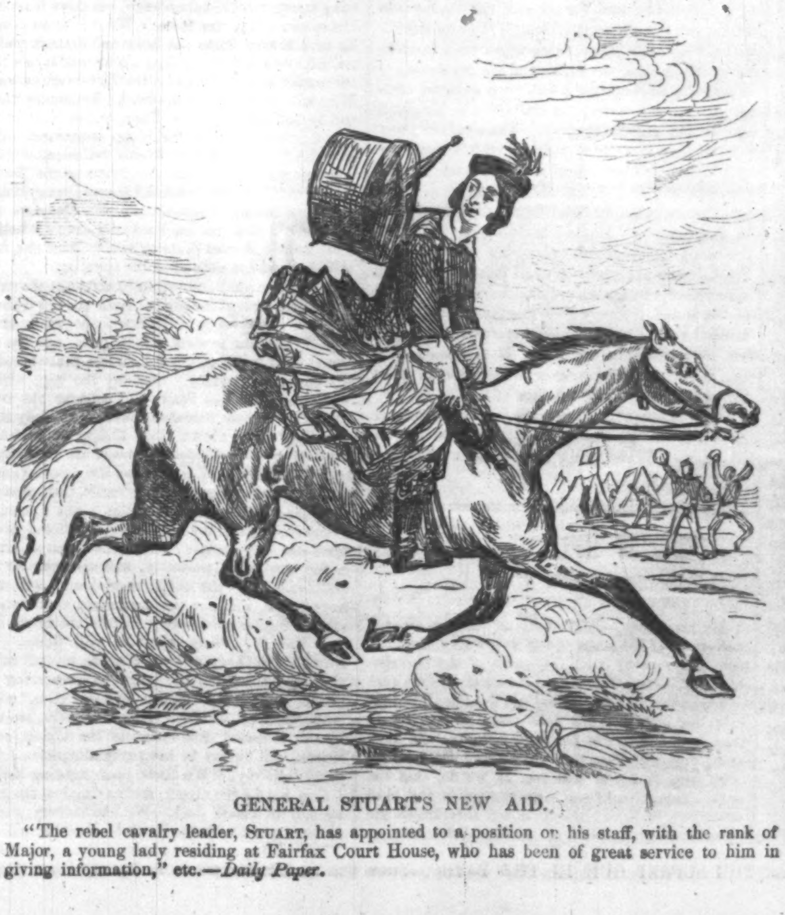
Why have wine and cake very bad morals?
*Because one is always drunk, and the other is often tipsy.*

Why is a pretty woman like a lock?
*Because she is a thing to a door (adore).*

What is the difference between a good and a bad oyster?
*One is a native and the other is a settler.*

If the eyes and nose were going to run a race which would win?
*The eyes, for the nose would be blown, while the eyes would run till they dropped.*

What flowers are there between a lady's nose and chin?
*Tulips (two lips).*



GENERAL STUART'S NEW AID.

"The rebel cavalry leader, STUART, has appointed to a position on his staff, with the rank of Major, a young lady residing at Fairfax Court House, who has been of great service to him in giving information," etc.—*Daily Paper.*

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### THE YAZOO PASS EXPEDITION.

OUR intelligence from the Southwest is confused, disconnected, and somewhat contradictory. On 23d the Department at Washington received a dispatch from Admiral Porter stating that he has received information from Lieutenant Commander Watson Smith that on the 7th instant the whole expedition arrived in the Tallahatchie. The vessels all got through in fighting condition, excepting the *Petrel*, which lost her wheel.

On 19th a dispatch was received at Washington from Memphis stating that our fleet had reached the junction of the Tallahatchie and Yallabusha Rivers, and there had had a fight, on 13th, with a rebel fort, called Fort Pemberton, at or near a place called Green Wood. Later advices, without date, coming by way of Cincinnati, add that our troops had disembarked from their transports and were besieging this Fort Pemberton.

On 23d news reached St. Louis to the effect that the steamer *Diligent*, with the Eighth Missouri, had succeeded in entering Yazoo River, above Haines's Bluff. Her course was through Cypress Bayou, which debouches into the Yazoo opposite Johnson's plantation, and thence through Steele's Bayou into the Sunflower, which empties into the Yazoo twenty miles above Haines's Bluff. The *Diligent* was accompanied by a light gun-boat. As soon as it was found possible to get through, four iron-clads followed.

It is also stated that the rebels are burning the cotton wherever our troops approach; likewise that they are suffering from want of food.

### THE ATTACK ON PORT HUDSON.

Admiral Farragut, supported by General Banks, has attacked Port Hudson. Our accounts of the affair are thus far very meagre. The rebel story is thus given in the Richmond *Whig* of 17th:

> "The bombardment commenced on Port Hudson at two o'clock on the 14th. At twelve o'clock in the night a desperate engagement took place, the enemy attempting to pass our batteries under cover of the darkness.
>
> "The firing was terrific. One gun-boat passed in a damaged condition. The United States sloop-of-war *Mississippi* was burned to the water's edge in front of our batteries. One large vessel was completely riddled, a third badly crippled, and the rest were driven back.
>
> "Our victory was complete. There were no casualties on our part. Thirty-six men and one midshipman of the *Mississippi* were brought in by our cavalry, several of them severely wounded.
>
> "Farragut's flag-ship went down the river disabled."

On the other hand, it is stated by Union officers from New Orleans that on 14th Admiral Farragut came into action with his fleet at Port Hudson, and after a brisk engagement with the batteries, succeeded in passing the fort with all his fleet, consisting of eight vessels, leaving the *Mississippi* behind, which ran aground, and was set on fire by order of the Admiral. The army is reported to be within five miles of the enemy's works. Dispatches from Southwest Pass, Louisiana, appear to confirm this statement. They are dated on the 15th, and add that heavy skirmishing was going on in the advance; that Colonel Clark, aid to General Banks, was slightly wounded, and that the army was in good spirits, and would move in a few hours.

### THE LAKE PROVIDENCE CANAL.

The water was let into the canal at Lake Providence on the 16th inst. The aperture is twenty feet wide, and was opening at its mouth still wider. The greater part of the town was threatened with an overflow on the following morning.

### SKIRMISH IN TENNESSEE.

The following has been received at the head-quarters of the army:

> MURFREESBORO, TENNESSEE, *March* 20, 1863.
>
> *Major-General Halleck, General-in-Chief:*
>
> General Reynolds reports from Colonel Hall's brigade, on a scout near Milton, on the road to Liberty, that he was attacked this morning by Morgan's and Breckinridge's cavalry (about eight or ten regiments) and after a four hours' fight whipped and drove them, with a loss to us of seven killed and thirty-one wounded, including one captain.
>
> The rebel loss was thirty or forty killed, including three commissioned officers, one hundred and forty wounded and twelve prisoners, including three commissioned officers.
>
> W. S. ROSECRANS, Major-General.

### DISTRESS IN DIXIE.

The Richmond papers are croaking fearfully over the want of food under which the rebel armies are now suffering. All the country around the localities where these armies are situated is completely stripped of provisions, and the only resource lies in the railroads, which are said to be giving out for want of laborers to keep them in order. The wood-work is rotting and the machinery getting out of repair. The Richmond *Examiner* says that "If they are allowed to fall through, from any causes, Government and people may prepare for a retreat of our armies, and the surrender of much invaluable country now in our possession."

### DEATH OF GENERAL SUMNER.

The army of the United States and the cause of loyalty against rebellion have sustained a serious loss in the death of Major-General Edwin V. Sumner, who died at Syracuse on 21st, rather suddenly, of congestion of the lungs.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

## ENGLAND.

### THE PIRATES IN PARLIAMENT.

IN the House of Commons Mr. Caird asked if the Government was informed of ships preparing for the Confederates in England similar to the *Alabama*, and Mr. Layard said that the attention of the Government had been called to more than one vessel of the kind, but no evidence has been yet furnished to enable the Government to interfere. He said, however, that strict orders have been given for all suspected vessels to be closely watched.

### TWO MORE LAUNCHED.

Messrs. Laird, of Birkenhead, England, have launched two steamers—the *Quang-tong* and *Tien-tsin*—from their yard at that place. These vessels form part of the Anglo-Chinese fleet recently spoken of as being building in England, under that pretense, for the service of the rebels of the South.

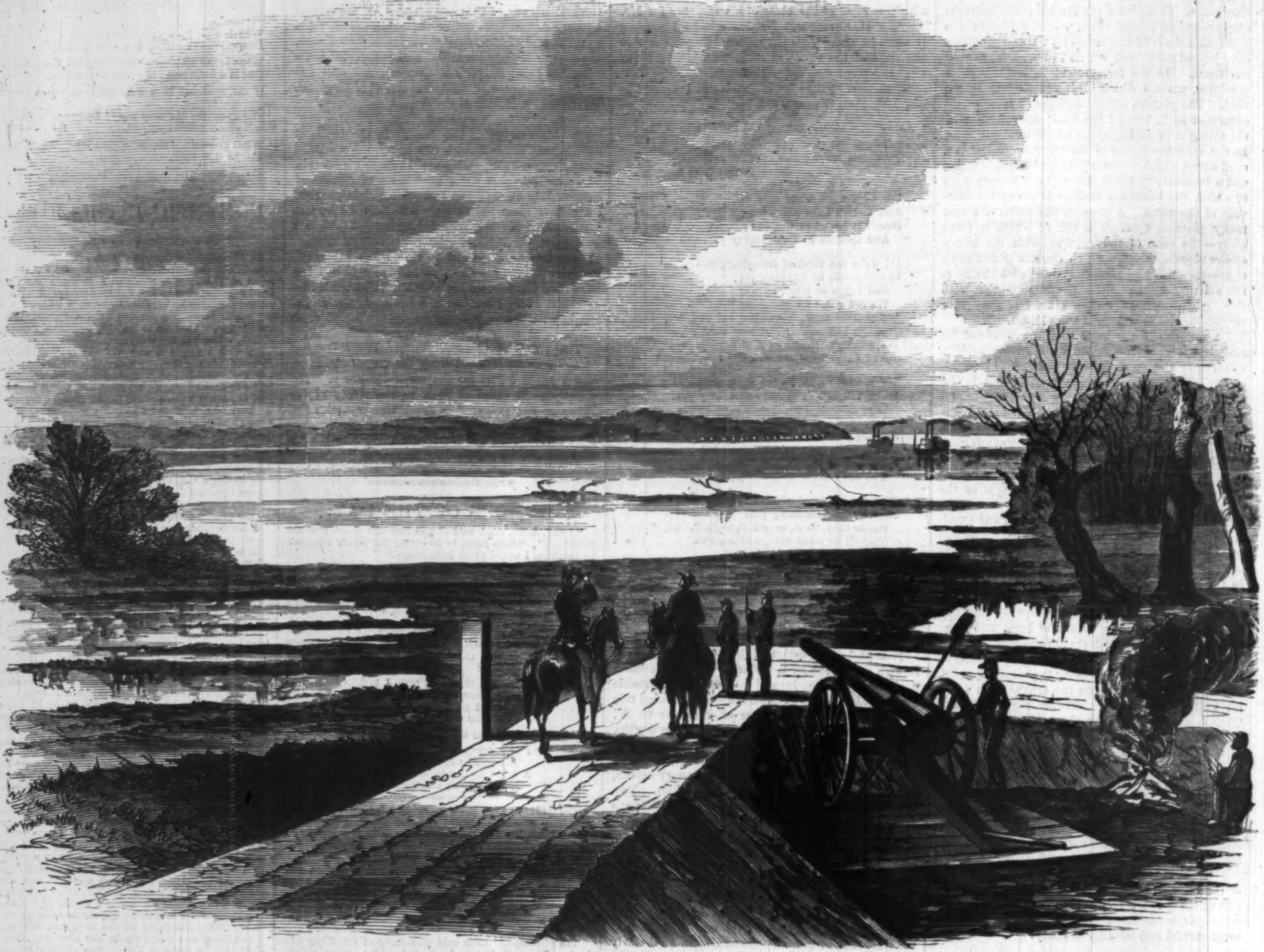
### ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.

The Princess Alexandra, of Denmark, now the wife of the Prince of Wales, had reached Windsor Castle.

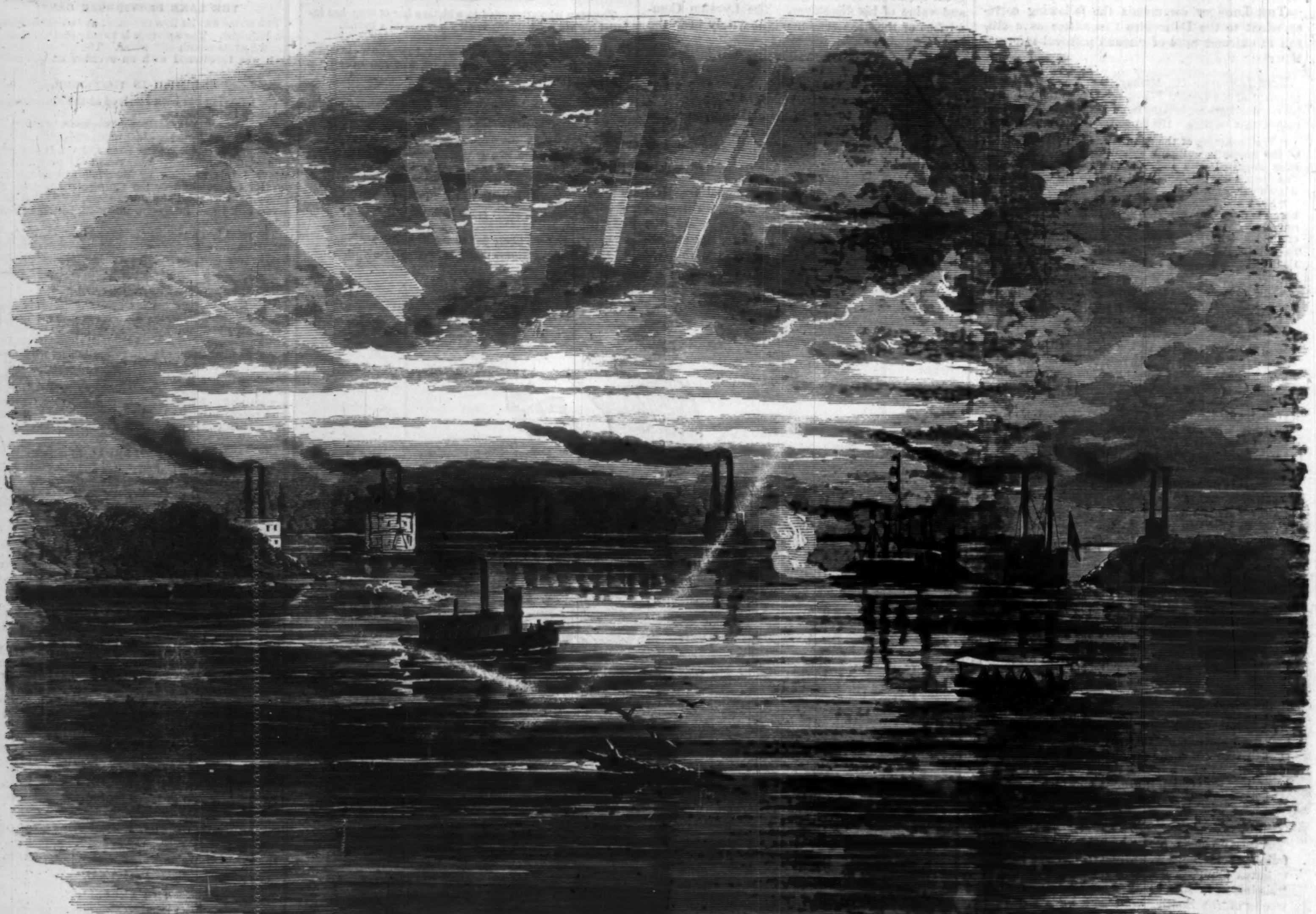
## POLAND.

### THE REBELLION.

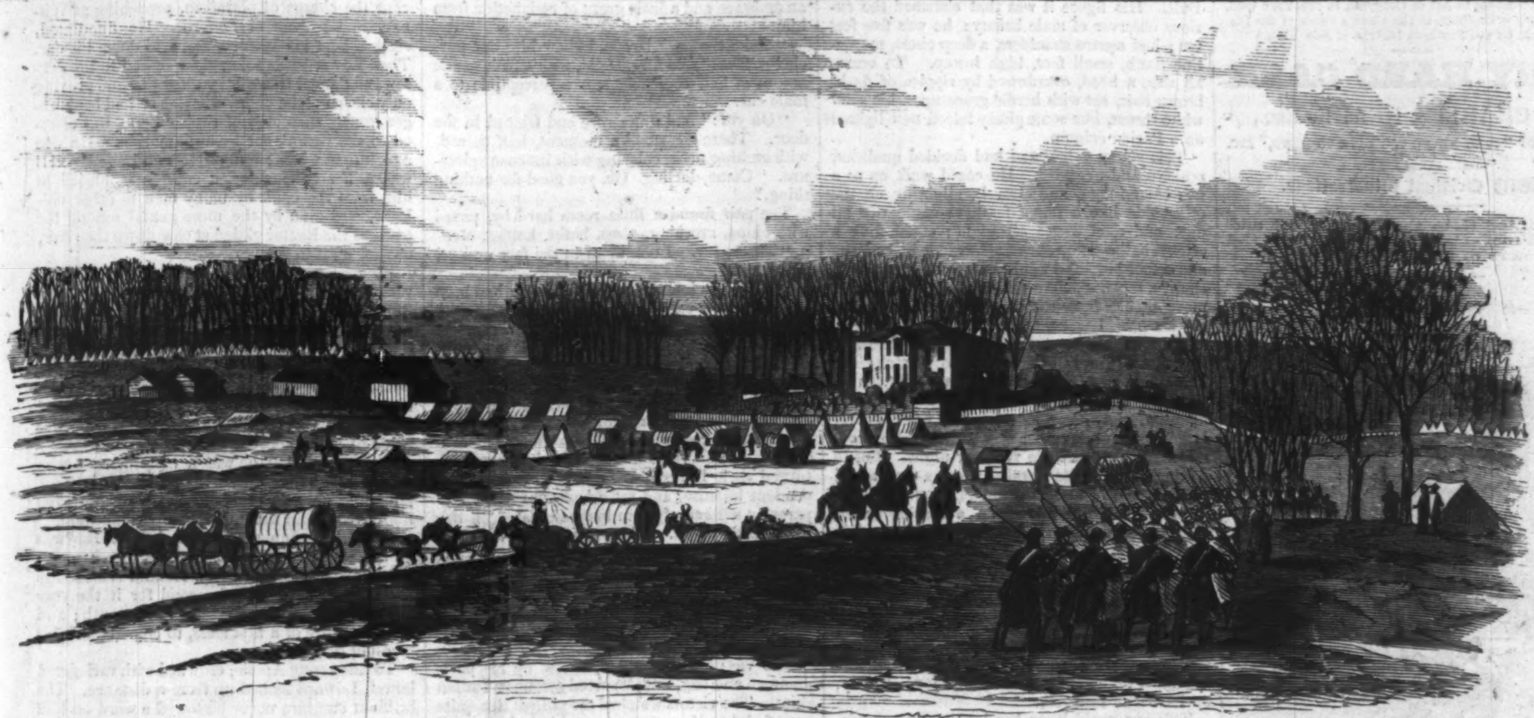
The French and English Governments are quite agreed, it is said, as to their policy on the Polish question. In notes to Russia, they regret the partition of the ancient kingdom, but accept it as a fact which can not be remedied; but they speak earnestly, at the same time, of the solemn promises made of granting liberal institutions to the Poles.



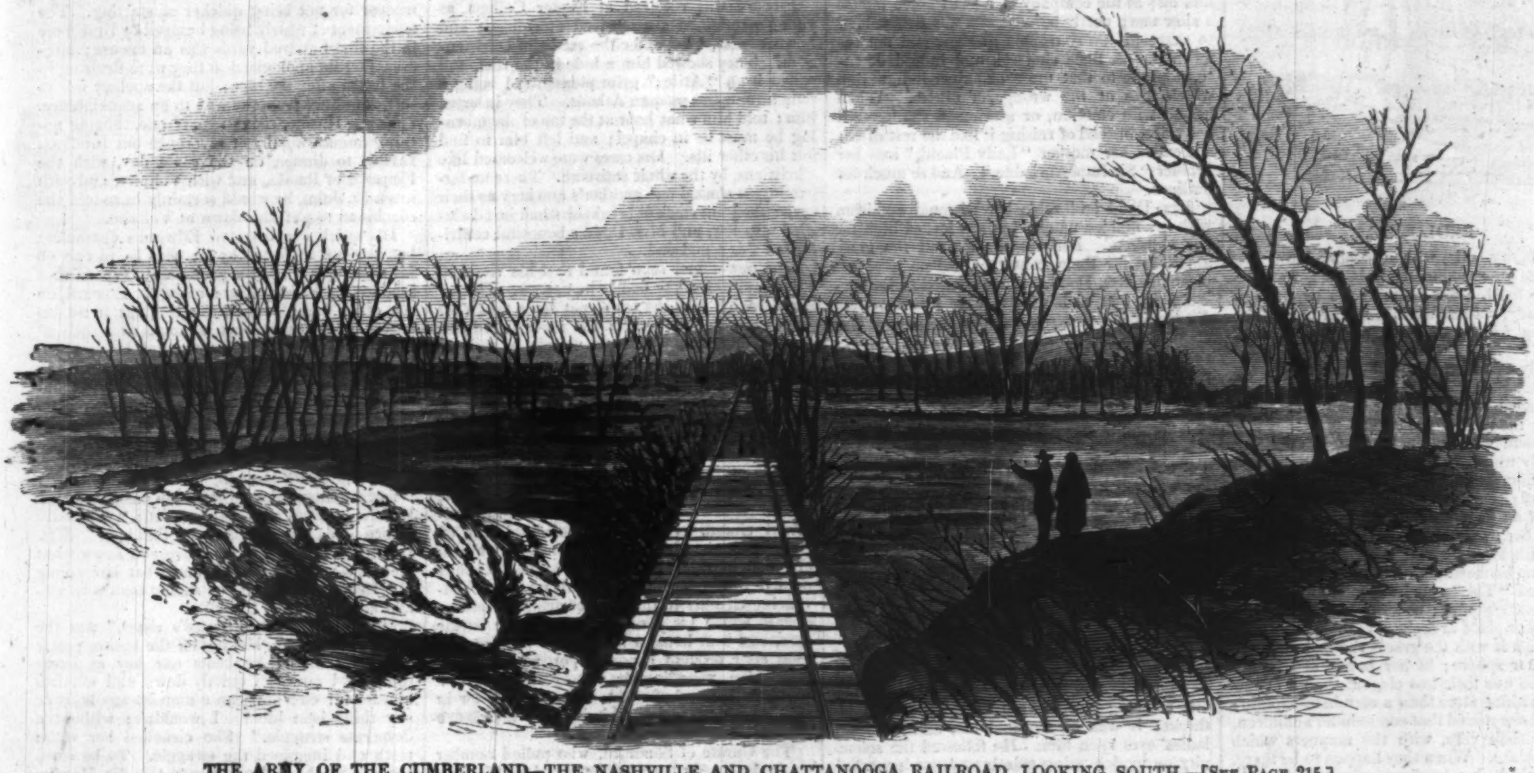
WARRENTON FROM OUR BATTERIES.—Sketched by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 215.]



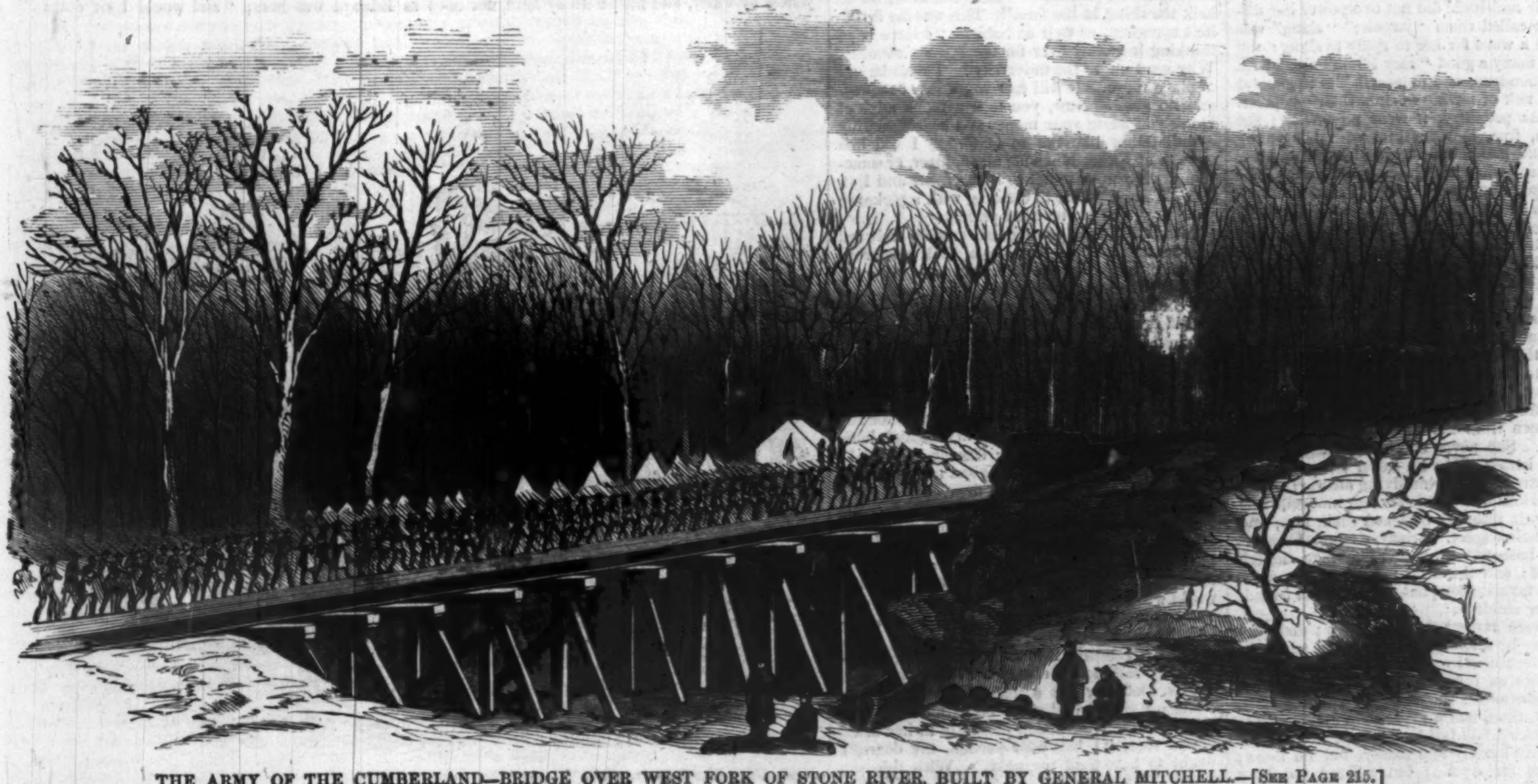
THE SUNSET GUN IN THE YAZOO.—Sketched by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 215.]



THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND—HEAD-QUARTERS OF MAJOR-GENERAL McCOOK, COMMANDING TWENTIETH ARMY CORPS.—[SEE PAGE 215.]



THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND—THE NASHVILLE AND CHATTANOOGA RAILROAD, LOOKING SOUTH.—[SEE PAGE 215.]



THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND—BRIDGE OVER WEST FORK OF STONE RIVER, BUILT BY GENERAL MITCHELL.—[SEE PAGE 215.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

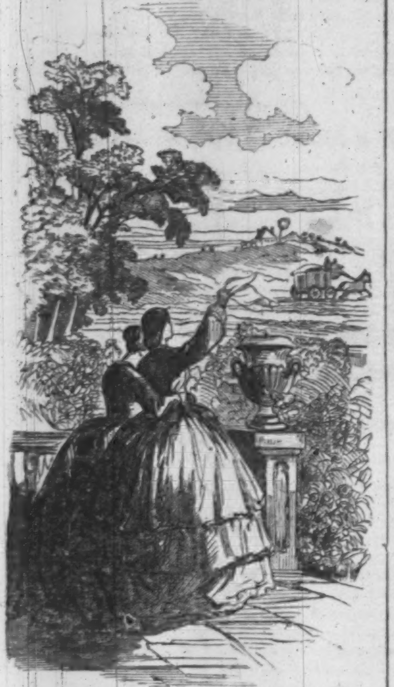
# VERY HARD CASH.

BY CHARLES READE, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

With Original Illustrations.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."



## PROLOGUE.

IN a snowy villa, with a sloping lawn, just outside the great commercial sea-port, Barkington, there lived, a few years ago, a happy family. A lady, middle-aged, but still charming; two young friends of hers; and a periodical visitor.

The lady was Mrs. Dodd; her occasional visitor was her husband; her friends were her son Edward, aged twenty, and her daughter Julia, nineteen; the fruit of a misalliance.

Mrs. Dodd was originally Miss Fountain, a young lady well-born, high-bred, and a denizen of the fashionable world. Under a strange concurrence of circumstances she coolly married the captain of an East Indiaman. The deed done, and with her eyes open, for she was not, to say, in love with him, she took a judicious line; and kept it; no hankering after Mayfair, no talking about Lord "This" and Lady "That," to commercial gentlewomen; no amphibiousness. She accepted her place in society, reserving the right to embellish it with the graces she had gathered in a higher sphere; in her home, and in her person, she was little less elegant than a countess; yet nothing more than a merchant-captain's wife: and she reared that commander's children, in a suburban villa, with the manners which adorn a palace. When they happen to be there.

This lady had a bugbear: viz. Slang. She could not endure the smart technicalities current; their multitude did not overpower her distaste; she called them "jargon;" "slang" was too coarse a word for her to apply to slang: she excluded many a good "racy idiom" along with the real offenders; and monosyllables in general ran some risk of having to show their passports. If this was pedantry, it went no farther; she was open, free, and youthful with her young pupils; and had the art to put herself on their level, often, when they were quite young, she would feign infantine ignorance, in order to hunt trite truth in couples with them, and detect, by joint experiment, that rainbows can not, or else will not, be walked into, nor Jack-o'-lantern be gathered like a cowslip; and that, dissect we the vocal dog—its hair is like a lamb's—never so skillfully, no fragment of palpable bark, no sediment of tangible squeak, remains inside him to bless the inquisitive little operator, etc., etc.

When they advanced from these elementary branches to Languages, History, Tapestry, and "What Not," she managed still to keep by their side, learning with them, not just hearing them lessons down from the top of a high tower of maternity. She never checked their curiosity, but made herself share it; never gave them, as so many parents do, a white-lying answer; wooed their affections with subtle though innocent art; thawed their reserve; obtained their love, and retained their respect. Briefly, a female Chesterfield; her husband's lover after marriage, though not before; and the mild monitress, the elder sister, the favorite companion and bosom friend, of both her children.

They were remarkably dissimilar; and perhaps I may be allowed to preface the narrative of their adventures by a delineation; as in country churches an individual pipes the key-note, and the tune comes raging after.

Edward, then, had a great calm eye, that was always looking folk full in the face, mildly; his countenance comely and manly, but no more; too square for Apollo; but sufficed for John Bull. His figure it was that charmed the curious observer of male beauty: he was five feet ten; had square shoulders, a deep chest, masculine flank, small foot, high instep. To crown all this, a head, overflowed by ripples of dark-brown hair, sat with heroic grace upon his solid white throat, like some glossy falcon new lighted on a Parian column.

This young gentleman had decided qualities, positive and negative. He could walk up to a five-barred gate, and clear it, alighting on the other side like a fallen feather; could row all day, and then dance all night; could fling a cricket ball a hundred and six yards; had a lathe and a tool-box, and would make you in a trice a chair, a table, a doll, a nut-cracker, or any other movable, useful, or the very reverse. And could not learn his lessons, to save his life.

His sister Julia was not so easy to describe. Her figure was tall, lithe, and serpentine; her hair the color of a horse-chestnut fresh from its pod; her ears tiny and shell-like, her eyelashes long and silky; her mouth small when grave, large when smiling; her eyes pure hazel by day, and tinged with a little violet by night. But in jotting down these details, true as they are, I seem to myself to be painting fire, with a little snow and saffron mixed on a marble pallet. There is a beauty too spiritual to be chained in a string of items; and Julia's fair features were but the china vessel that brimmed over with the higher loveliness of her soul. Her essential charm was, what shall I say? Transparence.

> "You would have said her very body thought."

Modesty, Intelligence, and, above all, Enthusiasm, shone through her, and out of her, and made her an airy, fiery, household joy. Briefly, an incarnate sunbeam.

This one could learn her lessons with unreasonable rapidity, and, until Edward went to Eton, would insist upon learning his into the bargain, partly with the fond notion of coaxing him on; as the company of a swift horse incites a slow one; partly because she was determined to share his every trouble, if she could not remove it. A little choleric, and indeed downright prone to that more generous indignation which fires at the wrongs of others. When heated with emotion, or sentiment, she lowered her voice, instead of raising it like the rest of us: she called her mother "Lady Placid," and her brother "Sir Imperturbable." And so much for outlines.

Mrs. Dodd laid aside her personal ambition with her maiden name; but she looked high for her children. Perhaps she was all the more ambitious for them, that they had no rival aspirant in Mrs. Dodd. She educated Julia herself from first to last: but with true feminine distrust of her power to mould a lordling of creation, she sent Edward to Eton at nine.

This was slackening her tortoise. For at Eton is no female master, to coax dry knowledge into a slow head. However, he made good progress in two branches—aquatics and cricket.

After Eton came the choice of a profession. His mother recognized but four; and these her discreet ambition speedily sifted down to two. For military heroes are shot now and then, however pacific the century; and naval ones drowned. She would never expose her Edward to this class of accidents. Glory by all means; glory by the pail; but safe glory, please; or she would none of it. Remained the church and the bar: and, within these reasonable limits she left her dear boy free as air; and not even hurried; there was plenty of time to choose: he must pass through the university to either. This last essential had been settled about a twelvemonth, and the very day for his going to Oxford was at hand, when one morning Mr. Edward formally cleared his throat: it was an unusual act, and drew the ladies' eyes upon him. He followed the solemnity up by delivering calmly and ponderously a connected discourse, which astonished them by its length and purport. "Mamma, dear, let us look the thing in the face." This was his favorite expression, as well as habit. "I have been thinking it quietly over for the last six months. Why send me to the university? I shall be out of place there. It will cost you a lot of money, and no good. Now, you take a fool's advice! Don't you waste your money and papa's sending a dull fellow like me to Oxford! I did bad enough at *Eton*. Make me an engineer, or something. If you were not so fond of me, and I of you, I'd say send me to Canada, with a pickaxe; you know I've got no head-piece."

Mrs. Dodd had sat aghast, casting Edward deprecating looks at the close of each ponderous sentence, but too polite to interrupt a soul, even a son talking nonsense. She now assured him she could afford very well to send him to Oxford, and begged leave to remind him that he was too good and too sensible to run up bills there, like the young men who did not really love their parents. "Then, as for learning, why we must be reasonable in our turn. Do the best you can, love. We know you have no great turn for the classics; we do not expect you to take high honors, like young Mr. Hardie; besides, that might make your head ache: he has sad headaches his sister told Julia. But, my dear, a university education is indispensable; do but see how the signs of it follow a gentleman through life, to say nothing of the valuable acquaintances and lasting friendships he makes there: even those few distinguished persons who have risen in the world without it, have openly regretted the want, and have sent their children: and *that* says volumes to me."

"Why, Edward, it is the hall-mark of a gentleman," said Julia, eagerly.

Mrs. Dodd caught a flash of her daughter; "and my silver shall never be without it," said she, warmly. She added presently in her usual placid tone, "I beg your pardon, my dears, I ought to have said my gold." With this she kissed Edward tenderly on the brow, and drew an embrace and a little grunt of resignation from him.

"Take the dear boy and show him our purchases, love!" said Mrs. Dodd, with a little gentle accent of half reproach, scarce perceptible to a male ear.

"Oh yes:" and Julia rose and tripped to the door. There she stood a moment, half turned, with arching neck, coloring with innocent pleasure. "Come, darling. Oh, you good-for-nothing thing."

The pair found a little room hard by, paved with china, crockery, glass, baths, kettles, etc.

"There, Sir. Look them in the face and us, if you can."

"Well, you know, I had no idea you had been and bought a cart-load of things for Oxford." His eye brightened; he whipped out a two-foot rule, and began to calculate the cubic contents. "I'll turn to and make the cases, Ju."

The ladies had their way; the cases were made and dispatched; and one morning the Bus came for Edward, and stopped at the gate of Albion Villa. At this sight mother and daughter both turned their heads quickly away by one independent impulse, and set a bad example. Apparently neither of them had calculated on this paltry little detail. They were game for theoretical departures; to impalpable universities; and "an air-drawn Bus, a Bus of the mind," would not have dejected for a moment their lofty Spartan souls on glory bent; safe glory. But here was a Bus of wood, and Edward going bodily away inside it.

The victim kissed them, threw up his portmanteau and bag, and departed serene as Italian skies. The victors watched the pitiless Bus quite out of sight; then went up to his bedroom, all disordered by packing, and, on the very face of it, vacant; and sat down on his little bed intertwining and weeping.

Edward was received at Exeter College, as young gentlemen are received at college; and nowhere else, I hope, for the credit of Christendom. They showed him a hole in the roof, and called it an "Attic;" grim pleasantry! being a puncture in the modern Athens. They inserted him; told him what hour at the top of the morning he must be in chapel; and left him to find out his other ills. His cases were welcomed like Christians, by the whole staircase. These undergraduates abused one another's crockery as their own: the joint stock of breakables had just dwindled very low, and Mrs. Dodd's bountiful contribution was a godsend.

The new-comer soon found that his views of a learned university had been narrow. Out of place in it? why, he could not have taken his wares to a better market; the modern Athens, like the ancient, cultivates muscle as well as mind. The captain of the university eleven saw a cricket-ball thrown all across the ground; he instantly sent a professional bowler to find out who that was; through the same embassador the thrower was invited to play on club days; and proving himself an infallible catch and long stop, a mighty thrower, a swift runner, and a steady, though not very brilliant, bat, he was, after one or two repulses, actually adopted into the university eleven. He communicated this ray of glory by letter to his mother and sister with genuine delight, coldly and clumsily expressed; they replied with feigned and fluent rapture. Advancing steadily in that line of academic study, toward which his genius lay, he won a hurdle race, and sent home a little silver hurdle; and soon after brought a pewter pot, with a Latin inscription, recording the victory at "Fives" of Edward Dodd; but not too arrogantly; for in the centre of the pot was this device, "The Lord is my illumination."

The Curate of Sandford, who pulled number six in the Exeter boat, left Sandford for Witney: on this he felt he could no longer do his college justice by water, and his parish by land, nor escape the charge of pluralism, preaching at Witney, and rowing at Oxford. He fluctuated, sighed, kept his Witney, and laid down his oar. Then Edward was solemnly weighed in his Jersey and flannel trowsers by the crew, and proving only eleven stone eight, whereas he had been ungenerously suspected of twelve stone, was elected to the vacant oar by acclamation. He was a picture in a boat; and oh!!! well pulled, six!!! was a hearty ejaculation constantly hurled at him from the bank by many men of other colleges, and even by the more genial among the cads, as the Exeter glided at ease down the river, or shot up it in a race.

He was now as much talked of in the University as any man of his College, except one. Singularly enough that one was his townsman; but no friend of his: he was much Edward's senior in standing, though not in age; and this is a barrier the junior must not step over—without direct encouragement—at Oxford. Moreover the college was a large one, and some of "the sets" very exclusive: young Hardie was Doge of a studious clique; and careful to make it understood that he was a reading man who boated and cricketed, to avoid the fatigue of lounging; not a boatman or cricketer who strayed into Aristotle in the intervals of Perspiration.

His public running since he left Harrow was as follows; the prize poem in his fourth term; the sculls in his sixth; the Ireland scholarship in his eighth (he pulled second for it the year before); Stroke of the Exeter in his tenth; and reckoned sure of a first class, to consummate his two-fold career.

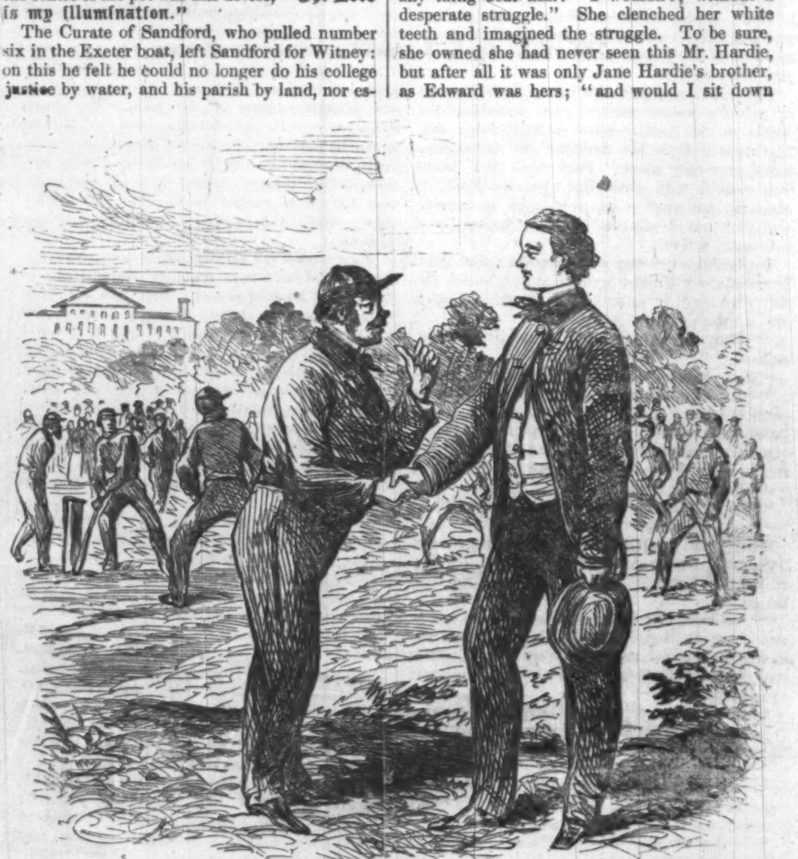
To this young Apollo, crowned with variegated laurel, Edward looked up from a distance. The brilliant creature never bestowed a word on him by land; and by water only such observations as the following; "Time, Six!" "Well pulled, Six!" "Very well pulled, Six!" Except, by-the-by, in one race; when he swore at him like a trooper for not being quicker at starting. The excitement of nearly being bumped by Brazenose in the first hundred yards was an excuse; however, Hardie apologized as they were dressing in the barge after the race: but the apology was so stiff, it did not pave the way to an acquaintance.

Young Hardie, rising twenty-one, thought nothing human worthy of reverence but Intellect. Invited to dinner, on the same day, with the Emperor of Russia, and with Voltaire, and with meek St. John, he would certainly have told the coachman to put him down at Voltaire.

His quick eye detected Edward's character; but was not attracted by it: says he to one of his adherents "what a good-natured spoon that Dodd is! Phœbus, what a name!" Edward, on the other hand, praised this brilliant in all his letters, and recorded his triumphs and such of his witty sayings as leaked through his own set, to reinvigorate mankind. This roused Julia's ire. It smouldered through three letters: but burst out when there was no letter, but Mrs. Dodd, meaning, Heaven knows, no harm, happened to say meekly, à propos of Edward, "You know, love, we can not all be young Hardies."

"No, and thank Heaven," said Julia, defiantly. "Yes, mamma," she continued in answer to Mrs. Dodd's eyebrow, which had curved; "your mild glance reads my soul; I detest that boy." Mrs. Dodd smiled. "Are you sure you know what the word 'detest' means? and what has young Mr. Hardie done, that you should bestow so violent a sentiment on him?"

"Mamma, I am Edward's sister," was the tragic reply; then, kicking off the buskin pretty nimbly, "there! he beats our boy at every thing, and ours sits quietly down and admires him for it: oh! how can a man let any body or any thing beat him? I wouldn't; without a desperate struggle." She clenched her white teeth and imagined the struggle. To be sure, she owned she had never seen this Mr. Hardie, but after all it was only Jane Hardie's brother, as Edward was hers; "and would I sit down



THE PROFESSIONAL BOWLER WELCOMING THE NEW-COMER.

and let Jane beat me at Things? never! never! never! I couldn't."

"Your friend to the death, dear; was not that your expression?"

"Oh, that was a slip of the tongue, dear mamma; I was off my guard. I generally am, by-the-way. But now I am on it, and propose an amendment. Now I second it. Now I carry it."

"And now let me hear it."

"She is my friend till death—or Eclipse; and that means until she eclipses me, of course." But Julia added softly, and with sudden gravity; "Ah! Jane Hardie has a fault, which will always prevent her from eclipsing your humble servant in this wicked world."

"What is that?"

"She is too good. Much."

"Par exemple!"

"Too religious."

"Oh, that is another matter."

"For shame, mamma! I am glad to hear it: for, I scorn a life of frivolity, but then again I should not like to give up every thing, you know."

"Mrs. Dodd looked a little staggered, too, at so vast a scheme or capitulation. But "every thing" was soon explained to mean balls, concerts, dinner-parties in general, tea-parties without exposition of Scripture, races and operas, cards, charades, and whatever else amuses society without perceptibly sanctifying it. All these, by Julia's account, Miss Hardie had renounced, and was now denouncing (with the young the latter verb treads on the very heels of the former). "And, you know, she is a district visitor!"

This climax delivered, Julia stopped short, and awaited the result.

Mrs. Dodd heard it all with quiet disapproval and cool incredulity. She had seen so many young ladies healed of so many young enthusiasms, by a wedding-ring. But while she was searching diligently in her mine of ladylike English—mine with plenty of water in it, begging her pardon—for expressions to convey inoffensively, and roundabout, her conviction that Miss Hardie was a little, furious, simpleton, the post came, and swept the subject away in a moment.

Two letters; one from Calcutta, one from Oxford.

They came quietly in upon one salver, and were opened and read with pleasurable interest, but without surprise, or misgiving; and without the slightest foretaste of their grave and singular consequences.

Rivers deep and broad start from such little springs.

David's letter was of unusual length for him. The main topics were, first, the date and manner of his return home. His ship, a very old one, had been condemned in port: and he was to sail a fine new teak-built vessel, the *Agra*, as far as the Cape; where her captain, just recovered from a severe illness, would come on board, and convey her and him to England. In future, Dodd was to command one of the company's large steamers to Alexandria and back.

"It is rather a come-down for a sailor, to go straight ahead like a wheel-barrow, in all weathers, with a steam-pot and a crew of coal-heavers. But then I shall not be parted from my sweetheart such long dreary spells as I have been this twenty years, my dear love: so is it for me to complain?"

The second topic was pecuniary: the transfer of their savings from India, where interest was higher than at home, but the capital not so secure.

And the third was ardent and tender expressions of affection for the wife and children he adored. These effusions of the heart had no separate place, except in my somewhat arbitrary analysis of the honest sailor's letter; they were the under-current.

Mrs. Dodd read part of it out to Julia; in fact all but the money-matter: that concerned the heads of the family more immediately; and Cash was a topic her daughter did not understand, nor care about. And when Mrs. Dodd had read it with glistening eyes, she kissed it tenderly, and read it all over again to herself, and then put it into her bosom as naïvely as a milkmaid in love.

Edward's letter was short enough, and Mrs. Dodd allowed Julia to read it to her, which she did with panting breath, and glowing cheeks, and a running fire of comments.

"'Dear Mamma, I hope you and Ju are quite well—'

"Ju," murmured Mrs. Dodd, plaintively.

"'And that there is good news about papa coming home. As for me, I have plenty on my hands just now; all this term I have been' ('training' scratched out, and another word put in: c r—oh, I know) 'cramming.'"

"Cramming, love?"

"Yes, that is the Oxfordish for studying."

"'—For smalls.'"

Mrs. Dodd contrived to sigh interrogatively. Julia, who understood her every accent, reminded her that "smalls" was the new word for "little go."

"'—Cramming for smalls; and now I am in two races at Henley, and that rather puts the snaffle on reading and gooseberry pie' (Goodness me), 'and adds to my chance of being plowed for smalls.'"

"What does it all mean?" inquired mamma, "'gooseberrie pie?' and 'the snaffle?' and 'plowed?'"

"Well, the gooseberry pie is really too deep for me: but plowed is the new Oxfordish for 'plucked.' O mamma, have you forgotten that? Plucked was vulgar, so now they are plowed.

"'—For smalls; but I hope I shall not be, to vex you and puss.'"

"Heaven forbid he should be so disgraced! But what has the cat to do with it?"

"Nothing on earth. Puss? that is me. How dare he? Did I not forbid all these nicknames, and all this Oxfordish, by proclamation, last Long."

"Last Long?"

"Hem! last protracted vacation.

"'—Dear mamma, sometimes I can not help being down in the mouth' (why it is a string of pearls) 'to think you have not got a son like Hardie.'"

At this unfortunate reflection it was Julia's turn to suffer. She deposited the letter in her lap, and fired up. "Now, have not I cause to hate, and scorn, and despise, le petit Hardie?"

"Julia!"

"I mean to dislike with propriety, and gently to abominate Mr. Hardie, junior.

"'—Dear mamma, do come to Henley on the tenth, you and Ju. The university eights will not be there, but the best boats of the Oxford and Cambridge river will; and the Oxford head boat is Exeter, you know; and I pull six.'"

"Then I am truly sorry to hear it; my poor child will overtask his strength; and how unfair of the other young gentlemen; it seems ungenerous; unreasonable."

"'And I am entered for the sculls as well, and if you and "the Impetuosity"' (Vengeance!) 'were looking on from the bank, I do think I should be lucky this time. Henley is a long way from Barkington, but it is a pretty place; all the ladies admire it, and like to see both the universities out and a stunning race—'

"Oh, well, there *is* an epithet. One would think thunder was going to race lightning, instead of Oxford Cambridge.

"'—If you can come, please write, and I will get you nice lodgings; I will not let you go to a noisy inn. Love to Julia and no end of kisses to my pretty mamma,

"'from your affectionate Son,
"'EDWARD DODD.'"

They wrote off a cordial assent, and reached Henley in time to see the dullest town in Europe; and also to see it turn one of the gayest in an hour or two; so impetuously came both the universities pouring into it—in all known vehicles that could go their pace—by land and water.

## CHAPTER I.

IT was a bright hot day in June. Mrs. Dodd and Julia sat half reclining, with their parasols up, in an open carriage, by the brink of the Thames at one of its loveliest bends.

About a furlong up stream a silvery stone bridge, just mellowed by time, spanned the river with many fair arches. Through these the coming river peeped sparkling a long way above, then came meandering and shining down, loitered cool and sombre under the dark vaults, then glistening on again crookedly to the spot where sat its two fairest visitors that day; but at that very point flung off its serpentine habits, and shot straight away in a broad stream of scintillating water a mile long, down to an island in mid-stream; a little fairy island with old trees and a white temple. To curl round this fairy isle the broad current parted, and both silver streams turned purple in the shade of the grove; then winded and melted from the sight.

This noble and rare passage of the silvery Thames was the Henley race-course. The starting-place was down at the island, and the goal was up at a point in the river below the bridge, but above the bend where Mrs. Dodd and Julia sat, unruffled by the racing, and enjoying luxuriously the glorious stream, the mellow bridge crowded with carriages—whose fair occupants stretched a broad band of bright color above the dark figures clustering on the battlements—and the green meadows opposite with the motley crowd streaming up and down.

Nor was that sense, which seems especially keen and delicate in women, left unregaled in the general bounty of the time. The green meadows on the opposite bank, and the gardens at the back of our fair friends, flung their sweet fresh odors at their liquid benefactor gliding by; and the sun himself seemed to burn perfumes, and the air to scatter them, over the motley merry crowd, that bright, hot, smiling, airy day in June.

Thus tuned to gentle enjoyment, the fair mother and her lovely daughter leaned back in a delicious languor proper to their sex, and eyed with unflagging, though demure, interest, and furtive curiosity, the wealth of youth, beauty, stature, agility, gayety, and good temper, the two great universities had poured out upon those obscure banks; all dressed in neat but easy-fitting clothes, cut in the height of the fashion, or else in Jerseys, white or striped, and flannel trowsers, and straw-hats, or cloth caps of bright and various hues; betting, strolling, laughing, chaffing, larking, and whirling stunted bludgeons at Aunt Sally.

But as for the sport itself they were there to see, the centre of all these bright accessories, "The Racing," my ladies did not understand it, nor try, nor care a hook-and-eye about it. But this mild dignified indifference to the main event received a shock at two P.M.: for then the first heat for the cup came on, and Edward was in it. So then racing became all in a moment a most interesting pastime; an appendage to Loving. He left them to join his crew. And, soon after, the Exeter glided down the river before their eyes, with the beloved one rowing quietly in it: his Jersey revealed not only the working power of his arms, as sunburnt below the elbow as a gipsy's, and as corded above as a blacksmith's, but also the play of the great muscles across his broad and deeply-indented chest: his oar entered the water smoothly, gripped it severely, then came out clean, and feathered clear and tunably on the ringing row-lock, the boat jumped, and then glided, at each neat, easy, powerful stroke.

"Oh, how beautiful and strong he is," cried Julia. "I had no idea."

Presently the competitor for this heat came down, the Cambridge boat, rowed by a fine crew in broad striped Jerseys. "Oh dear!" said Julia, "they are odious and strong in this boat too. I wish I was in it—with a gimlet; he *should* win, poor boy."

Which cork-screw staircase to Honor being inaccessible, the race had to be decided by two unfeminine trifles called "Speed" and "Bottom."

Few things in this vale of tears are more worthy a pen of fire than an English boat-race is, as seen by the runners; and none else have ever seen one, or can paint one. But I, unhappy, have nothing to do with this race, except as it appeared to two ladies seated on the Henley side of the Thames, nearly opposite the winning-post. These fair novices then looked all down the river, and could just discern two whitish streaks on the water, one on each side the little fairy isle; and a great black patch on the Berkshire bank. The threatening streaks were the two racing boats: the black patch was about a hundred Cambridge and Oxford men, ready to run and hallo with the boats all the way, or at least till the last puff of wind should be run plus halloed out of their young bodies. Others less fleet and enduring, but equally clamorous, stood in knots at various distances, ripe for a shorter yell and run when the boats should come up to them. Of the natives and country visitors, those, who were not nailed down by bounteous Fate, ebbed and flowed up and down the bank with no settled idea, but of getting in the way as much as possible, and of getting knocked into the Thames as little as might be.

There was a long uneasy suspense.

At last a puff of smoke issued from a pistol down at the island; two oars seemed to splash into the water from each white streak; and the black patch was moving; so were the threatening streaks. Presently was heard a faint, continuous, distant murmur, and the streaks began to get larger, and larger, and larger; and the eight splashing oars looked four instead of two.

Every head was now turned down the river. Groups hung craning over it like nodding bulrushes.

Next the runners were swelled by the stragglers they picked up; so were their voices; and on came the splashing oars and roaring lungs.

Now the colors of the racing Jerseys peeped distinct. The oarsmen's heads and bodies came swinging back like one, and the oars seemed to lash the water savagely, like a connected row of swords, and the spray squirted at each vicious stroke. The boats leaped and darted side by side, and, looking at them in front, nobody could say which was ahead. On they came nearer and nearer, with hundreds of voices vociferating, "Go it Cambridge!" "Well pulled Oxford!" "You are gaining, hurrah!" "Well pulled Trinity!" "Hurrah!" "Oxford!" "Cambridge!" "Now is your time, Hardie, pick her up!" "Oh, well pulled, six!" "Well pulled, stroke!" "Up, up! lift her a bit!" "Cambridge!" "Oxford!" "Hurrah!"

At this Julia turned red and pale by turns. "Oh, mamma!" said she, clasping her hands and coloring high, "would it be very wrong if I was to *pray* for Oxford to win?"

Mrs. Dodd had a monitory finger; it was on her left hand; she raised it; and, that moment, as if she had given a signal, the boats, foreshortened no longer, shot out to treble the length they had looked hitherto, and came broadside past our palpitating fair, the elastic rowers stretched like greyhounds in a chase, darting forward at each stroke so boldly, they seemed flying out of the boats, and surging back as superbly, an eightfold human wave: their nostrils all open, the lips of some pale and glutinous; their white teeth all clenched grimly, their young eyes all glowing, their supple bodies swelling, the muscles writhing beneath their Jerseys, and the sinews starting on each bare brown arm; their little shrill coxswains shouting imperiously at the young giants, and working to and fro with them, like jockeys at a finish; nine souls and bodies flung whole into each magnificent effort; water foaming and flying, row-locks ringing, crowd running, tumbling, and howling like mad; and Cambridge a boat's nose ahead.

They had scarcely passed our two spectators, when Oxford put on a furious spurt, and got fully even with the leading boat. There was a louder roar than ever from the bank. Cambridge spurted desperately in turn, and stole those few feet back; and so they went fighting every inch of water. Bang! A cannon on the bank sent its smoke over both competitors; it dispersed in a moment, and the boats were seen pulling slowly toward the bridge, Cambridge with four oars, Oxford with six, as if that gun had winged them both.

The race was over.

But who had won our party could not see, and must wait to learn.

## THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

WE are indebted to an occasional correspondent, Mr. Barrows, of the Ninety-third Ohio, for the three pictures of the Army of the Cumberland, which we publish on page 213. Mr. Barrows writes:

"General M'Dowell M'Cook's head-quarters are situated 2½ miles south of Murfreesboro, a short distance from the Shelbyville turnpike. He occupies the mansion in which, a few months since, the owner, Mr. John Childress, resided. It is a commodious and tasteful building of the better class of Southern homes, such as in this part of Tennessee are few and far between. It is built of the superior brick which the soil of this region affords. Mr. Childress, though a wealthy and influential man, never took a very prominent part in the rebellion, but he quietly acted and sympathized with the leaders of the Southern movement. He remained in quiet possession of his property during the reign of General Buell, and did not find it necessary to withdraw. But when the tide of war turned against the rebels again at Murfreesboro he gathered together his movable household property, including some thirty slaves, and fled in company with Bragg's retreating hosts, leaving his beautiful home to the tender mercies of the "Lincolnites."

The trestle-work, represented in sketch No. 2, and the stockade defending it, were built by General Mitchel. The former is now used as a foot-bridge—simply as the cars do not at present run farther south than Murfreesboro.

In the view of the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, "looking south," the hill on the right is just beyond our picket-lines.

## OUR ARMY IN THE SOUTHWEST.

WE devote pages 209 and 212 to illustrations of our Army in the Southwest, from sketches by our special artist, Mr. Theodore R. Davis. On page 209 we publish an illustration representing the

CUTTING AWAY THE HEAD OF THE CANAL.

The "mud machine" *Sampson* is seen hard at work digging into the dam on the upper side. Its huge iron scoop is ever in motion scooping away the earth, and demolishing the barrier which now keeps the Mississippi waters out of the bed of the canal. Since this picture was drawn the "Father of Waters" himself has taken a hand in the game.

This scene is depicted on page 209, under the title of

BREAK IN THE LEVEE.

Owing to heavy rains and the rapid rise of the Mississippi above and opposite Vicksburg, the head of the canal gave way, and the water poured in at a tremendous rate. The force of the current, however, did not break the dam near the mouth of the canal, but caused a crevasse on the western side, through which the water flowed in such profusion as to inundate the lower part of the peninsula to the depth of four or five feet. When the fracture occurred a number of soldiers were on the levee, and were thrown into the torrent. Some swam and scrambled out; but several of them would have been drowned but for the heroic exertions of John C. Keller, one of the officers of the transport *Swallow*, who succeeded at great personal risk in placing them once more upon *terra firma*, much wetter if not wiser men.

The *Times* correspondent writes:

> Night before last the dam at this end of the canal gave way under a pressure of ten feet of Mississippi, and in a few minutes thereafter there was a torrent roaring and boiling through in a manner that would do honor to a first-class maelstrom. Unfortunately the water above the dam that came pouring through did not come along the projected channel of the canal, but from a direction much below, the consequence of which promises to be that, before this can be corrected, another channel will be scooped out of which we can make no use. The dredging machines are hard at work night and day, and may possibly be able to correct the difficulty. Two or three days will decide the matter, and then we shall know whether the much-talked-of and long-worked-at canal will prove a failure or a success.

The *Tribune* correspondent, writing two days afterward, says:

> Since the breaking of the dam of the canal, as I mentioned in my last letter, the water has been rushing through the cut with great force, threatening to inundate the entire lower part of the peninsula. On this account McClernand's Thirteenth Army Corps has been ordered to Milliken's Bend, 15 miles above, where the ground is higher; but his command has as yet made only a beginning of moving.
>
> Those familiar with the country hereabout say the land above the canal will not be flooded, though the portion below the city, in the direction of Vicksburg, is already four feet under water. The dam at or near the mouth of Farragut's ditch stands firm, but a crevasse has been made in the embankment on the west side, and through this the river is pouring at a rapid rate.
>
> The water, it is supposed, will run along inside of the levees constructed opposite Warrenton, and thence into the swamps, which are lower than where our troops are, without interfering for some days with the encampment.
>
> The canal itself is not likely to be injured by the destruction of its head, but will rather be benefited thereby—being deepened and widened by the rush of the current. The cut is 60 feet broad, and 2½ feet below the surface of the soil inside of the levee, but about seven feet below the level of the river.
>
> The break in the canal can not be repaired at present, and no one can determine in what the digging down here, at Providence, and the Yazoo Pass may result.

On page 212 we illustrate

WARRENTON FROM OUR BATTERIES.

Mr. Davis writes: "The little town of Warrenton, ten miles below Vicksburg, is the farthest point up the river the rebel boats care to come at this time. It was near this place that the fight between the *Indianola* and the rams of the rebels occurred. In my sketch I give near the town the rams *Queen of the West* and *Grand Duke*. It will be seen by the sketch how easily the levee is converted into an 'earth-work' for the reception of batteries."

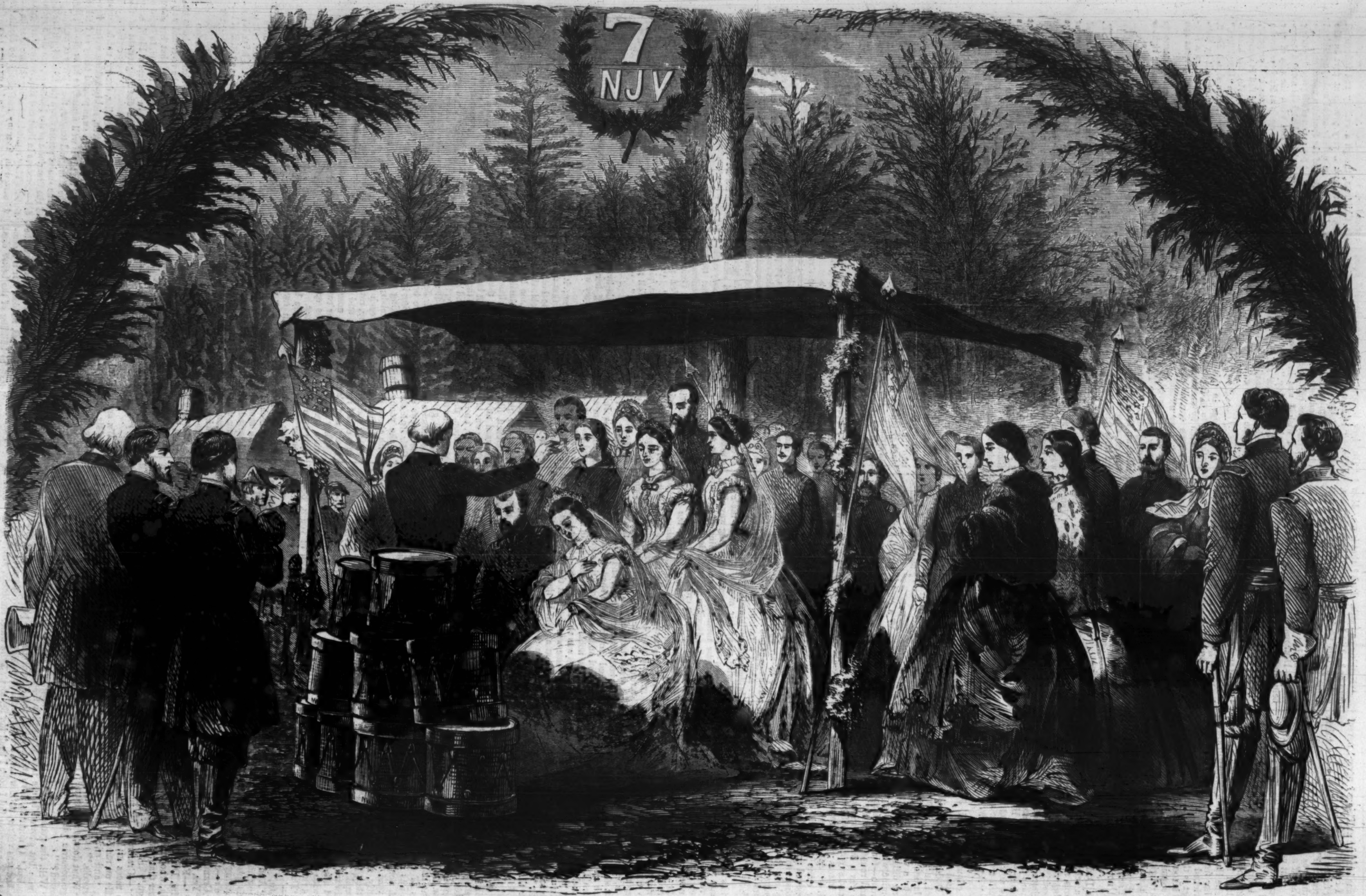
The sketch by our special artist of

SUNSET AT THE MOUTH OF THE YAZOO

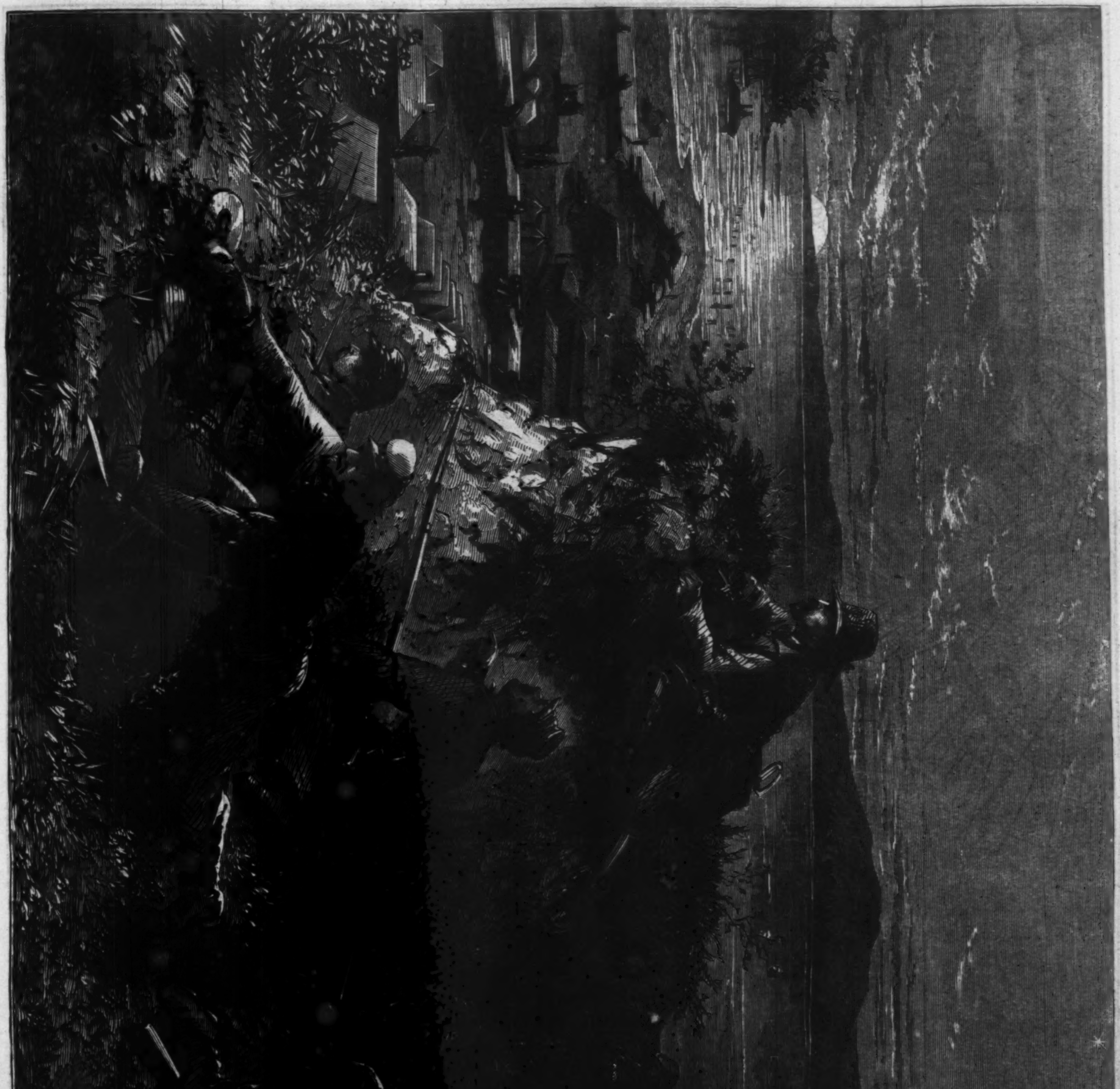
gives a representation of the Union gun-boats under Admiral Porter, guarding the river and waiting for the signals from the fleet that has gone through the Yazoo Pass below Helena, to begin a simultaneous attack upon Haines's Bluff, some twenty miles from the disemboguement of the stream.

The Yazoo is a peculiar, dreary, unwholesome stream, its pale-green, sickly-looking waters having their origin in swamps, and being so fatal to health that it is well named, as its origin implies, in the aboriginal tongue, the "River of Death."

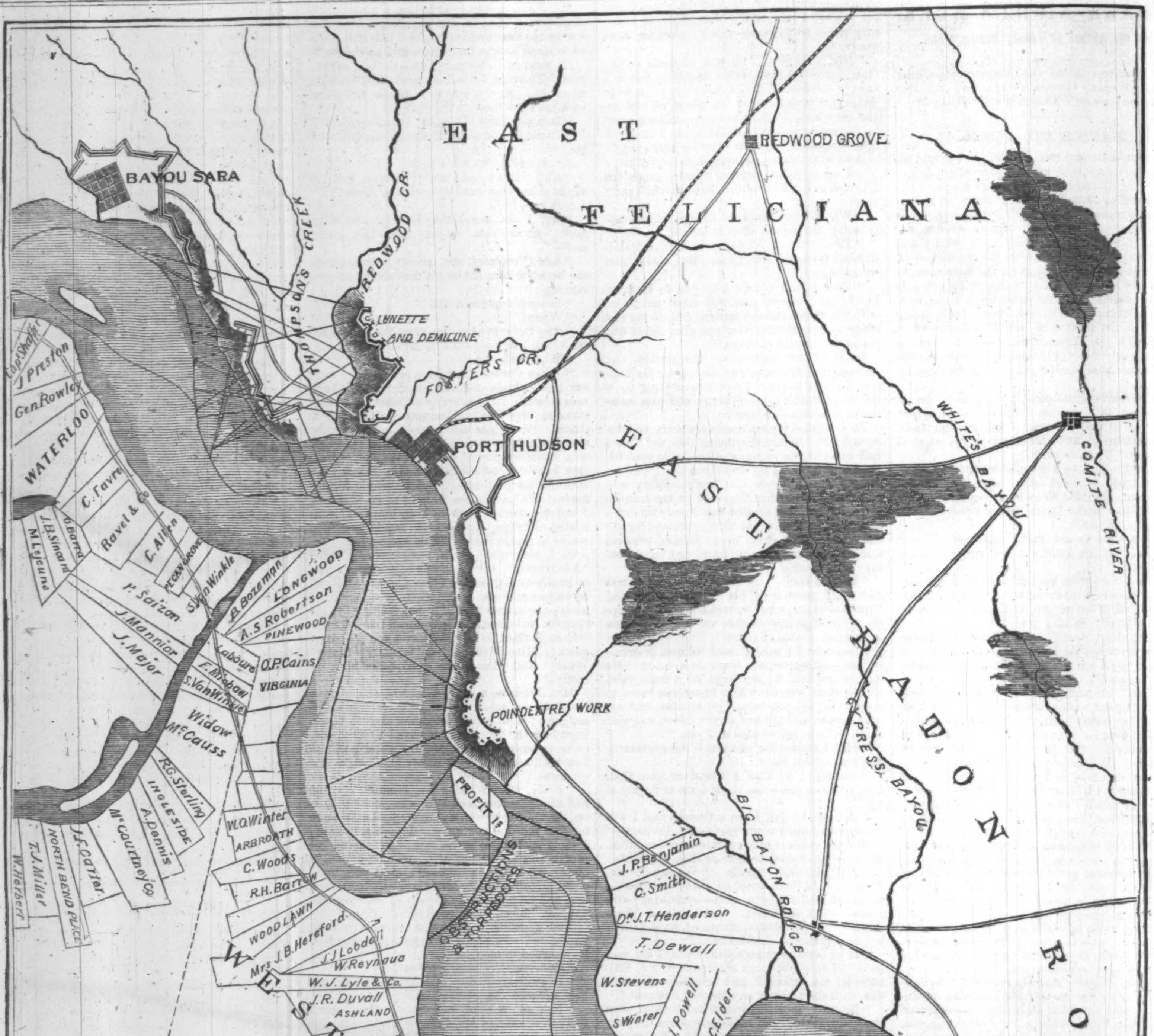
The sunset scenes down the Mississippi, in spite of the dreariness of the landscape, are often splendid—gorgeous in light and shadow and variegated tints. They remind one of the sky-glances he has witnessed in Tuscany and along the Mediterranean, and which enter into his memory like a flash of imagination into an inspired soul.



A WEDDING IN THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—Drawn by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 219.]



A NIGHT SCOUT IN THE SOUTHWEST—SURPRISE OF AN OUTPOST, AND SURVEY OF THE REBEL GUNS.


SURVEY of MISSISSIPPI FORTIFICATIONS from PORT HUDSON to BAYOU SARA
FEB 10th 1863.
J. COVINGTON TOP. ENGR
EAST FELICIANA
EAST BATON ROUGE
WEST BATON ROUGE
BAYOU SARA
REDWOOD GROVE
THOMPSON'S CREEK
REDWOOD CR.
LUNETTE AND DEMILUNE
FOSTERS CR.
PORT HUDSON
WHITE'S BAYOU
COMITE RIVER
POINDEXTRE WORK
PROFIT IS
OBSTRUCTIONS & TORPEDOES
CYPRESS BAYOU
BIG BATON ROUGE
RAIL ROAD
DEPOT
BATON ROUGE
BRULY LANDG WEST BATON ROUGE
WATERLOO
J. Preston
Gen. Rowley
C. Favre
Ravel & Co
E. Allen
M. Lejeune
J. B. Sinard
O. Barrd
P. Saizon
S. Van Winkle
B. Bozeman
LONGWOOD
A. S. Robertson
PINEWOOD
O. P. Cains
VIRGINIA
J. Mannior
J. Major
Labouye
S. Van Winkle
Widow McCauss
R. C. Sterling
INGLESIDE
A. Dennis
McCourtney & Co.
J. F. Carter
NORTH BEND PLACE
T. J. Miller
W. Herbert
W. O. Winter
ARBROATH
C. Woods
R. H. Barrow
WOOD LAWN
Mrs J. B. Hereford
J. J. Lobdell
W. Reynaud
W. J. Lyle & Co.
J. R. Duvall
ASHLAND
A. C. Wood
J. Buhler
Conrad & Co
Cypress Hall
W. Lemmon
J. P. Benjamin
C. Smith
Dr. J. T. Henderson
T. Dewall
W. Stevens
S. Winter
A. J. Powell
J. C. Elder
J. Dolle
J. Leresque
W. J. Robertson
CYPRESS HALL
J. W. Nolan
C. Pipes
Babin
P. F. Babin
Wid. Dalgrez
T. Maher
W. Pipes
Belmont
Le Blanc & Co
Le Blanc
A. Williams
W. Williams
L. Farrot
N. Landry
Col. N. Stewart
Poplar Grove
Mrs. A. Barrow
J. S. Williams
CAROLINA
J. C. Patrick
U. Senial & Co
Mad. N. Stewart
W. Kirkland
T. Williams
F. Woods
T. W. Bird
N. Landry

MAP OF THE COURSE OF THE MISSISSIPPI FROM BAYOU SARA TO BATON ROUGE.

# A DARK NIGHT'S WORK.

By the Author of "Mary Barton," etc.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

## CHAPTER XVI.—(*Continued.*)

Suddenly there was a shock and stound all over the vessel, her progress was stopped, and a rocking vibration was felt every where. The quarter-deck was filled with blasts of steam, which obscured every thing. Sick people came rushing up out of their berths in strange undress; the steerage passengers—a motley and picturesque set of people, in many varieties of gay costume—took refuge on the quarter-deck, speaking loudly in all varieties of French and Italian patois. Ellinor stood up in silent wondering dismay. Was the *Santa Lucia* going down on the great deep, and Dixon unaided in his peril? Dr. Livingstone was by her side in a moment. She could scarcely see him for the vapor, nor hear him for the roar of the escaping steam.

"Do not be unnecessarily frightened," he repeated, a little louder. "Some accident has occurred to the engines. I will go and make instant inquiry, and come back to you as soon as I can. Trust to me."

He came back to where she sat trembling.

"A part of the engine is broken, through the carelessness of these Neapolitan engineers; they say we must make for the nearest port—return to Civita, in fact."

"But Elba is not many miles away," said Ellinor; "if this steam were but away you could see it still."

"And if we were landed there we might stay on the island for many days; no steamer touches there; but if we return to Civita we shall be in time for the Sunday boat."

"Oh, dear, dear!" said Ellinor. "To-day is the second—Sunday will be the fourth—the assizes begin on the seventh; how miserably unfortunate!"

"Yes," he said, "it is. And these things always appear so doubly unfortunate when they hinder our serving others. But it does not follow that because the assizes begin at Hellingford on the seventh that Dixon's trial will come on so soon. We may still get to Marseilles on Monday evening, on by diligence to Lyons; it will, it must, I fear, be Thursday, at the earliest, before we reach Paris—Thursday, the eighth—and I suppose you know of some exculpatory evidence that has to be hunted up?"

He added this unwillingly; for he saw that Ellinor was jealous of the secrecy she had hitherto maintained as to her reasons for believing Dixon innocent; but he could not help thinking that she, a gentle, timid woman, unaccustomed to action or business, would require some of the assistance which he would have been so thankful to give her; especially as this untoward accident would increase the press of time in which what was to be done would have to be done.

But no. Ellinor scarcely replied to his half-inquiry as to her reasons for hastening to England. She yielded to all his directions, agreed to his plans, but gave him none of her confidence, and he had to submit to this exclusion from sympathy in the exact causes of her anxiety.

Once more in the dreary sala, with the gaudy painted ceiling, the bare, dirty floor, the innumerable rattling doors and windows! Ellinor was submissive and patient in demeanor, because so sick and despairing at heart. Her maid was ten times as demonstrative of annoyance and disgust; she who had no particular reason for wanting to reach England, but who thought it became her dignity to make as though she had.

At length the weary time was over, and again they sailed past Elba and neared Marseilles. Now Ellinor began to feel how much assistance it was to her to have Dr. Livingstone for a "courier," as he had several times called himself.

He secured the earliest places in the diligence while Ellinor and the maid were only struggling through the douane, along with most of their fellow-passengers; he provided that a comfortable meal should be ready for them before starting; and placed them in the coupé, which he had secured for the long day-and-night journey, himself retiring to the "interieur." All through the traveling across France he occupied another compartment or another carriage to that in which Ellinor was placed; but he was always at their window if there was any stoppage, to learn their wishes and wants. The waters of the Rhone were out, and flooded the country through which the diligence had to pass, and caused a delay of two days. Ellinor seemed as one stupefied with repeated disappointments. At Paris he brought Ellinor a *Galignani* of two days old. He could not help looking over her shoulder as she searched its columns for some of the intelligence she craved. There was nothing to be learned from them; a bare announcement of Dixon's approaching trial for a murder committed sixteen years ago was all that was to be seen. Ellinor laid down the paper, and sighed.

"We shall be in England to-morrow," said he, with quick sympathy. "We can be in Hellingford the morning after to-morrow."

"Thank you; you are very good. But after I am in England I must go on alone. You must not think me ungrateful," continued she, with a faint effort at a smile on her pale face. "Some time I will tell you how glad I am you have come with me. I could not have done without your kind help, though I thought once I could. But just now I have no heart to express gratitude or any other feeling but one."

"But you say you once thought you could have done without my help on the journey, and yet you see I have really been of use to you—may it not be the same now?" asked he, anxiously.

"No," said she. "It was all plain sailing then, but now I must do all myself as well as I can; a terrible— You must trust me now to judge for myself, for I am aware of circumstances which— I can not go on talking about it, for you have been so kind to me I shall say something that I shall be sorry for afterward."

And with this he was obliged to be content.

Off again, to the coast of France, across the Channel to London, as fast as steam could carry them.

"Where now?" said the Canon, as they approached the London Bridge station.

"To the Great Western," said she; "Hellingford is on that line, I see. But, please, now we must part."

"Then I may not go with you to Hellingford? At any rate you will allow me to go with you to the railway station, and do my last office as courier in getting you your ticket and placing you in the carriage."

So they went together to the station, and learned that no train was leaving for Hellingford for two hours. There was nothing for it but to go to the hotel close by and pass away the time as best they could.

Ellinor called for her maid's accounts, and dismissed her. Some refreshment that the Canon had ordered was eaten, and the table cleared. He began walking up and down the room, his arms folded, his eyes cast down. Every now and then he looked at the clock on the mantlepiece. When that showed that it only wanted a quarter of an hour to the time appointed for the train to start, he came up to Ellinor, who sat leaning her head upon her hand, her hand resting on the table.

"Miss Wilkins," he began—and there was something peculiar in his tone which startled Ellinor—"I am sure you will not scruple to apply to me if in any possible way I can help you in this sad trouble of yours."

"No, indeed I won't!" said Ellinor, gratefully, and putting out her hand as a token. He took it and held it; she went on a little more hastily than before: "You know you were so good as to say you would go at once and see Miss Monro, and tell her all you know, and that I will write to her as soon as I can."

"May I not ask for one line?" he continued, still holding her hand.

"Certainly; so kind a friend as you shall hear all I can tell—that is, all I am at liberty to tell."

"A friend! Yes, I am a friend; and I will not urge any other claim just now. Perhaps—"

Ellinor could not affect to misunderstand him. His manner implied even more than his words.

"No!" she said, eagerly. "We are friends. That is it. I think we shall always be friends; though I will tell you now—something—this much—it is a sad secret. God help me! I am as guilty as poor Dixon, if, indeed, he is guilty; but he is innocent—indeed he is!"

"If he is no more guilty than you, I am sure he is! Let me be more than your friend, Ellinor—let me know all, and help you all that I can, with the right of an affianced husband."

"No, no!" said she, frightened both at what she had revealed, and his eager, warm, imploring manner. "That can never be. You do not know the disgrace that may be hanging over me."

"If that is all," said he, "I take my risk; if that is all, if you only fear that I may shrink from sharing any peril you may be exposed to."

"It is not peril; it is shame and obloquy," she murmured.

"Well! shame and obloquy. Perhaps, if I knew all, I could shield you from it."

"Don't, pray, speak any more about it now; if you do, I must say 'No.'"

She did not perceive the implied encouragement in these words; but he did, and they sufficed to make him patient. The time was up, and he could only render her his last services as courier, and none other but the necessary words at starting passed between them. But he went away from the station with a cheerful heart; while she, sitting alone and quiet, and at last approaching near to the place where so much was to be decided, felt sadder and sadder, heavier and heavier.

## CHAPTER XVII.

All the intelligence Ellinor had gained since she had seen the *Galignani* in Paris had been from the waiter at the Great Western Hotel, who, after returning from a vain search for an unoccupied *Times*, had volunteered the information that there was an unusual demand for the paper because of Hellingford Assizes, and the trial there for murder that was going on.

There were no electric telegraphs in those days; at every station Ellinor put her head out and inquired if the murder trial at Hellingford was ended. Some porters told her one thing, some another, in their hurry: she felt that she could not rely on them.

"Drive to Mr. Johnson's, in the High Street—quick, quick. I will give you half a crown if you will go quick."

For, indeed, her endurance, her patience was strained almost to snapping; yet at Hellingford station, where doubtless they could have told her the truth, she dared not ask the question. It was past eight o'clock at night. In many houses in the little country town there were unusual lights and sounds. The inhabitants were showing their hospitality to such of the strangers brought by the Assizes who were lingering there, now that the business that had brought them was over. The judges had left the town that afternoon, to wind up the Circuit by the short list of a neighboring county town.

Mr. Johnson was entertaining a dinner-party of attorneys when he was summoned from dessert by the announcement of a "lady who wanted to speak to him immediate and particular."

He went into his study in not the best of tempers. There he found his client, Miss Wilkins, white and ghastly, standing by the fire-place, with her eyes fixed on the door.

"It is you, Miss Wilkins! I am very glad—"

"Dixon!" said she. It was all she could utter.

Mr. Johnson shook his head.

"Ah! that's a sad piece of business, and I'm afraid it has shortened your visit at Rome."

"Is he—?"

"Ay, I am afraid there's no doubt of his guilt. At any rate the jury found him guilty, and—"

"And!" repeated she, quickly, sitting down, the better to bear the words that she knew were coming.

"Is condemned to death!"

"When?"

"The Saturday but one after the judges left the town, I suppose—it's the usual time."

"Who tried him?"

"Judge Corbet; and for a new judge I must say I never knew one who got through his business so well. It was really as much as I could stand to hear him condemning the prisoner to death. Dixon was undoubtedly guilty, and he was as stubborn as could be—a sullen old fellow who would let no one help him through. I am sure I did my best for him, at Miss Monro's desire and for your sake. But he would furnish me with no particulars, help us to no evidence. I had the hardest work to keep him from confessing all before witnesses, who would have been bound to repeat it as evidence against him. Indeed I never thought he would have pleaded 'Not Guilty.' I think it was only with a desire to justify himself in the eyes of some old Hamley acquaintances. Good God, Miss Wilkins! what's the matter? You're not fainting!" He rang the bell till the rope remained in his hands. "Here, Esther! Jerry! Whoever you are, come quick! Miss Wilkins has fainted! Water! Wine! Tell Mrs. Johnson to come here directly!"

Mrs. Johnson, a kind, motherly woman, who had been excluded from the "gentleman's dinner-party," and had devoted her time to superintending the dinner her husband had ordered, came in answer to his call for assistance, and found Ellinor lying back in her chair white and senseless.

"Bessy, Miss Wilkins has fainted; she has had a long journey, and is in a fidget about Dixon, the old fellow who was sentenced to be hung for that murder, you know. I can't stop here; I must go back to those men. You bring her round, and see her to bed. The blue-room is empty since Horner left. She must stop here, and I'll see her in the morning. Take care of her, and keep her mind as easy as you can, will you, for she can do no good by fidgeting."

And knowing that he left Ellinor in good hands, and with plenty of assistance about her, he returned to his friends.

Ellinor came to herself before long.

"It was very foolish of me, but I could not help it," said she, apologetically.

"No; to be sure not, dear. Here, drink this; it is some of Mr. Johnson's best port-wine that he has sent out on purpose for you. Or would you rather have some white soup—or what? We have had every thing you could think of at dinner, and you've only to ask and have. And then you must go to bed, my dear—Mr. Johnson says you must; and there's a well-aired room, for Mr. Horner only left us this morning."

"I must see Mr. Johnson again, please."

"But indeed you must not. You must not worry your poor head with business now; and Johnson would only talk to you on business. No; go to bed and sleep soundly, and then you'll get up quite bright and strong, and fit to talk about business."

"I can not sleep—I can not rest till I have asked Mr. Johnson one or two more questions; indeed I can not," pleaded Ellinor.

Mrs. Johnson knew that her husband's orders on such occasions as the present were peremptory, and that she could come in for a good conjugal scolding if, after what he had said, she ventured to send for him again. Yet Ellinor looked so entreating and wistful that she could hardly find in her heart to refuse her. A bright thought struck her.

"Here is pen and paper, my dear. Could you not write down the questions you wanted to ask? and he'll just jot down the answers upon the same piece of paper. I'll send it in by Jerry. He has got friends to dinner with him, you see."

Ellinor yielded. She sat, resting her weary head on her hand, and wondering what were the questions which would have come so readily to her tongue could she have been face to face with him. As it was she only wrote this:

"How early can I see you to-morrow morning? Will you take all the necessary steps for my going to Dixon as soon as possible? Could I be admitted to him to-night?"

The penciled answers were:

"Eight o'clock. Yes. No."

"I suppose he knows best," said Ellinor, sighing as she read the last word. "But it seems wicked in me to be going to bed, and he so near in prison."

When she rose up and stood she felt the former dizziness return, and that reconciled her to seeking rest before she entered upon the duties which were becoming clearer before her now that she knew all, and was on the scene of action.

Mrs. Johnson brought her white-wine whey instead of the tea she had asked for; and perhaps it was owing to this that she slept so soundly. When she wakened the clear light of dawn was fully in the room. She could not remember where she was; for so many mornings she had wakened up in strange places that it took her several minutes before she could make out the geographical whereabouts of the heavy blue moreen curtains, the print of the lord-lieutenant of the county on the wall, and all the handsome ponderous mahogany furniture that stuffed up the room. As soon as full memory came into her mind she started up; nor did she go to bed again, although she saw by her watch on the dressing-table that it was not yet six o'clock. She dressed herself with the dainty completeness so habitual to her that it had become an unconscious habit, and then—the instinct was irrepressible—she put on her bonnet and shawl, and went down, past the servant on her knees cleaning the door-step, out into the fresh open air; and so she found her way down the High Street to Hellingford Castle, the building in which the courts of assize were held—the prison in which Dixon lay condemned to die. She almost knew she could not see him; yet it seemed like some amends to her conscience for having slept through so many hours of the night if she made the attempt. She went up to the porter's lodge, and asked the little girl sweeping out the place if she might see Abraham Dixon. The child stared at her, and ran into the house, bringing out her father, a great burly man, who had not yet donned either coat or waistcoat, and who, consequently, felt the morning air as rather nipping. To him Ellinor repeated her question.

"Him as is to be hung come Saturday se'nnight? Why, ma'am, I've naught to do with it. You may go to the governor's house and try; but, if you'll excuse me, you'll have your walk for your pains. Them in the condemned cells is never seen by nobody without the sheriff's order. You may go up to the governor's house, and welcome; but they'll only tell you the same. Yon's the governor's house."

Ellinor fully believed the man, and yet she went on to the house indicated as if she still hoped that in her case there might be some exception to the rule, which she now remembered to have heard of before, in days when such a possible desire as to see a condemned prisoner was treated by her as a wish that some people might have, did have—people as far removed from her circle of circumstances as the inhabitants of the moon. Of course she met with the same reply, a little more abruptly given, as if every man was from his birth bound to know such an obvious regulation.

She went out past the porter, now fully clothed. He was sorry for her disappointment, but could not help saying, with a slight tone of exultation,

"Well, you see I was right, ma'am!"

# A WEDDING IN CAMP.

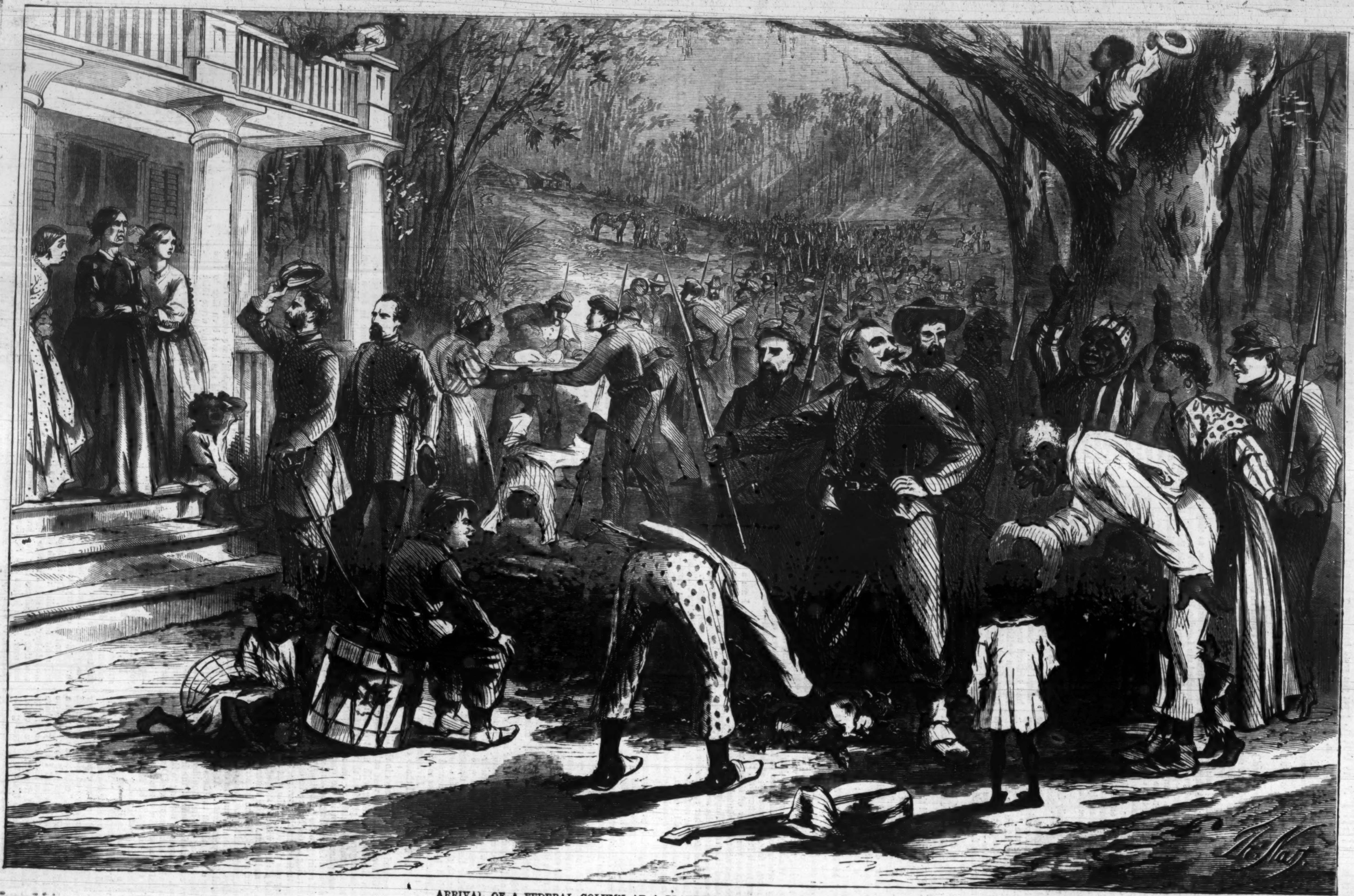
We reproduce on page 216 a picture of Mr. Waud's, representing A Marriage in the Camp of the Seventh New Jersey Volunteers in the Army of the Potomac. Mr. Waud writes:

"An event to destroy the monotony of life in one of Hooker's old regiments. The camp was very prettily decorated, and being very trimly arranged among the pines, was just the camp a visitor would like to see. A little before noon the guests began to arrive in considerable numbers. Among them were Generals Hooker, Sickles, Carr, Mott, Hobart Ward, Revere, Bartlett, Birney, Berry, Colonel Dickinson, and other aids to General Hooker; Colonels Burling, Farnham, Egan, etc. Colonel Francine and Lieutenant-Colonel Price, of the Seventh, with the rest of the officers of that regiment, proceeded to make all welcome, and then the ceremony commenced. In a hollow square formed by the troops a canopy was erected, with an altar of drums, officers grouped on each side of this. On General Hooker's arrival the band played Hail to the Chief, and on the approach of the bridal party the Wedding March. It was rather cold, windy, and threatened snow, altogether tending to produce a slight pink tinge on the noses present; but the ladies bore it with courage, and looked, to the unaccustomed eyes of the soldiers, like real angels in their light clothing. To add to the dramatic force of the scene, the rest of the brigade and other troops were drawn up in line of battle not more than a mile away to repel an expected attack from Fredericksburg. Few persons are wedded under more romantic circumstances than Nellie Lammond and Captain De Hart. He could not get leave of absence, so she came down like a brave girl, and married him in camp. After the wedding was a dinner, a ball, fire-works, etc.; and on the whole it eclipsed entirely an opera at the Academy of Music in dramatic effect and reality."

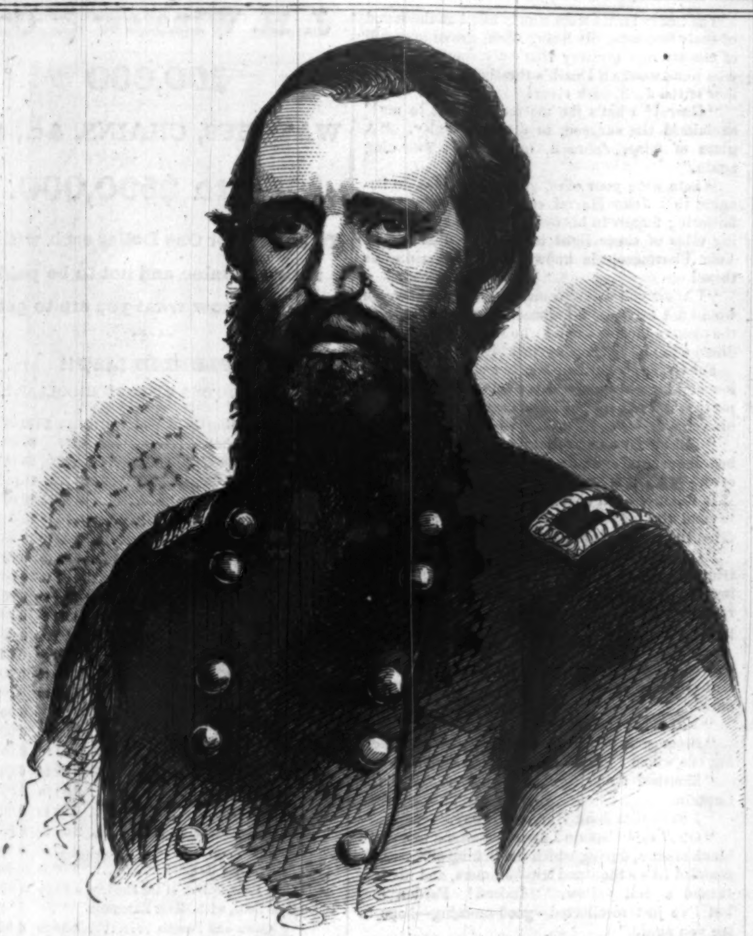
# IN DIXIE.

On page 220 we publish a picture, by Mr. Thomas Nast, representing the arrival of one of our regiments on a Southern plantation, and their reception by the ladies and negroes of the plantation. The picture explains itself. We append, however, a newspaper extract from an officer's letter in Dixie:

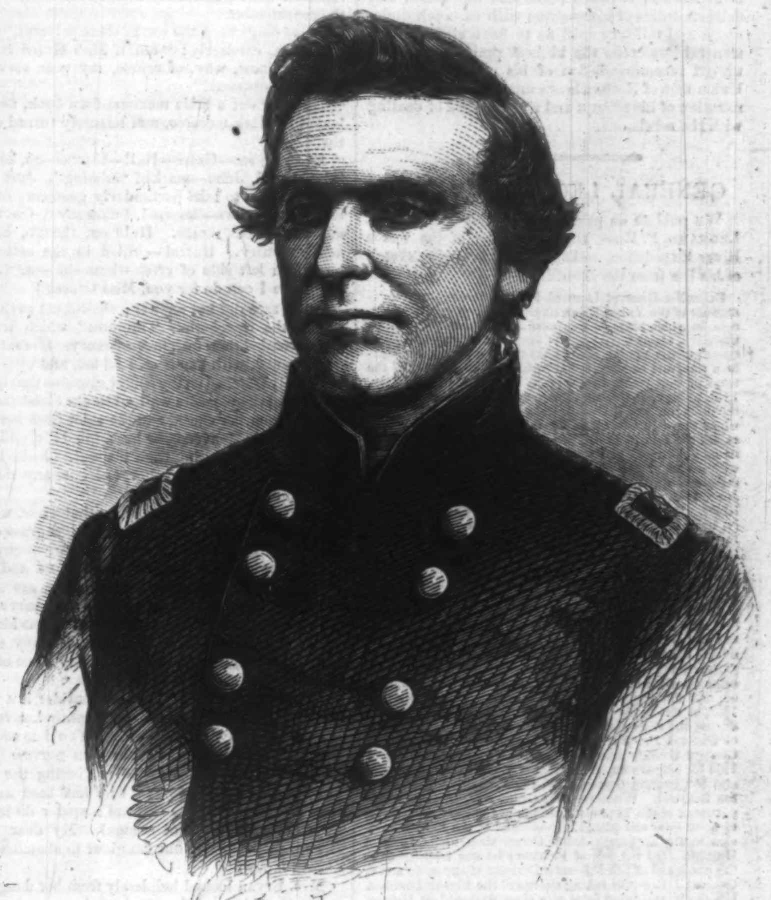
> Heavy planters live all along the road, whose broad acres extend for miles, and whose aristocratic mansions show them to be the nabobs of the soil. Long rows of negro cabins are seen at short distances from the residence, indicating that the "institution" still flourishes here. These negroes, in large numbers, men, women, and children, come and evince the most comical and unsophisticated manifestations of delight at our appearance. The older ones bow, and grin, and scrape, and throw themselves into all sorts of the most ludicrous attitudes. The younger ones dance and frisk about in high glee. "Goramighty bless you, gemmen—may you live allers!" exclaimed a delighted old darkey as we passed yesterday. At the same time he bowed himself almost to the ground. These poor creatures are about all the friends we have in this region. They most willingly give all the information they have.



ARRIVAL OF A FEDERAL COLUMN AT A PLANTER'S HOUSE IN DIXIE.—[SEE PAGE 213.]



BRIGADIER-GENERAL ROBERT B. MITCHELL, COMMANDING AT NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL LEONARD F. ROSS, COMMANDING YAZOO EXPEDITION.—[See next Page.]

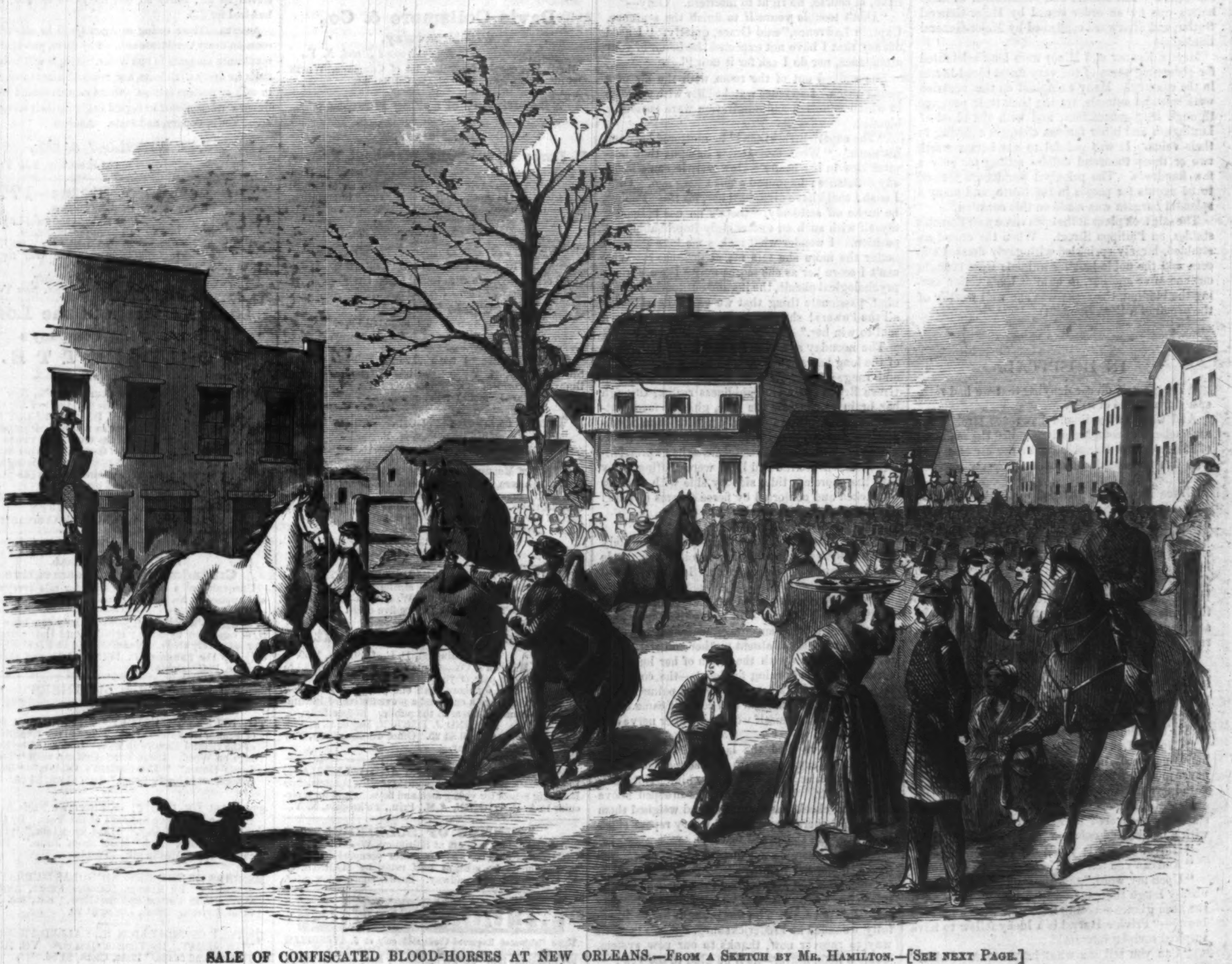
## BRIGADIER-GENERAL ROBERT B. MITCHELL.

**General Robert B. Mitchell**, whose portrait we give on this page, is a native of Richland County, Ohio. At the age of nineteen he went to the Mexican war, a private in the Company of the present General George W. Morgan. He served twenty-seven months and reached the rank of First Lieutenant. After his return he completed his law studies with "Miller and Morgan," in Mount Vernon. During his practice in the adjoining counties he subsequently married a daughter of Hon. Henry St. John, of Tiffin.

In 1856 he went to Kansas. His home is Mansfield, Linn County. In 1857 and 1858 he represented the Free State party of that county in the Legislature. In 1859, Governor Medary appointed him Treasurer of the Territory. In 1860 he was appointed Adjutant-General by Governor Robinson. At the breaking out of the rebellion he volunteered as a private, raised a Company, was elected its Captain, and afterward was unanimously elected Colonel of the "Kansas Second" by its officers. He led his regiment in the battle of Wilson's Creek, where he received four wounds, one of which proved almost fatal. His regiment here earned the title of the "Bloody Second."

As a compliment to him and his regiment, General Cameron ordered it to be mounted at a time when he was dismounting cavalry. For services at Wilson's Creek Colonel Mitchell was made a Brigadier. He was assigned to command the expedition to New Mexico, which, after the battle of Shiloh, had to be abandoned. He then embarked with a brigade from Leavenworth to reinforce General Halleck. Much of the time that he has been with Generals Halleck, Rosecrans, and Buell he has been commanding a division. He has been in many small engagements. He took an active and distinguished part in the battle of Perryville as commander of a division. He met John Morgan with his division at Lancaster, Kentucky, and drove him out after a severe engagement.

When General Rosecrans succeeded General Buell General Mitchell was placed in command of Nashville. The post, in labor and responsibility, is almost equal to a Department. General Mitchell



SALE OF CONFISCATED BLOOD-HORSES AT NEW ORLEANS.—From a Sketch by Mr. Hamilton.—[See next Page.]

is understood to have performed the varied and delicate duties of his position with so much diplomatic and military skill as to have elicited from General Rosecrans the highest praise and a most urgent recommendation of his promotion. The Union men of Nashville are unanimous in their admiration of his prompt and rigid method of dealing with the rebels.

## GENERAL LEONARD F. ROSS.

We publish on page 221 a portrait of General Leonard F. Ross, the commander of the Yazoo River Expedition, and append the following sketch of his life from the *Herald:*

Brigadier-General Leonard F. Ross, the military commander of the Yazoo River Expedition, is a native of Illinois, in which State he was born in the year 1823. He is, therefore, about forty years of age. He was a First Lieutenant of the Fourth Illinois Volunteers during the Mexican war, and commanded Company K during part of the term of that regiment's service, which lasted from July, 1846, to May, 1847. At the commencement of the present rebellion he resided at Lewiston, Fulton County; and when the call was made for three years' volunteers, he raised the Fourth District or Seventeenth Regiment of Illinois Volunteers, and was chosen the Colonel of the same, with a commission dating from May 26, 1861. The regiment was stationed at Peoria, Illinois, until the middle of June, 1861, when it was sent to Alton, on the Mississippi River. It garrisoned several points in Missouri successively, until about the beginning of December, when Colonel Ross was placed in command of the post at Cape Girardeau. It was about this time that General Grant prepared for his advance into Kentucky. In the following January Ross's command garrisoned Fort Holt, Kentucky, and formed part of the reconnoitring force to the rear of Columbus, Kentucky. During the siege and capture of Fort Donelson, from February 13 to 16, his regiment formed part of the Third Brigade (General Paine) of General M'Clernand's Division of General Grant's army. It also participated in the battle of Shiloh, where Colonel Ross gained some distinction, and his regiment lost, in killed, wounded, and missing, nearly 150 men. On the 25th of April, 1862, he was made a Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and during the siege of Corinth commanded the Third Brigade of General Judah's (formerly M'Clernand's) Division of General Grant's army. During the summer and fall of 1862 his brigade formed a portion of the force under General M'Clernand that guarded the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. When General Grant reorganized the Department of the Tennessee, on the 22d of December, 1862, General Ross was placed in command of the Eighth Division, in the Sixteenth Army Corps, then under General Hurlbut. On the 8th of February he was transferred to the command of the Fifteenth Division of the same army, General J. E. Smith taking charge of the Eighth Division. His newly-appointed force was then stationed at Helena, of which post he was placed in command. From this position he was again removed to take charge of the Yazoo Pass Expedition, of which he is now the military commander.

## SALE OF CONFISCATED BLOOD-HORSES AT NEW ORLEANS.

On page 221 we present a very interesting sketch, by our New Orleans correspondent, of a scene that occurred there on the 3d March. It was on the occasion of the forced sale, by auction, of a large stock of blood-horses, once the property of Messrs. Kenner and Minor, now in rebellion against the Union. The seizure and confiscation of these horses was by an order issued by Major-General Butler, and afterward confirmed by Major-General Banks.

Messrs. Kenner and Minor were long celebrated for possessing some of the very finest blood-horses in the country. Many exhibited on this occasion were splendid animals, tracing back their pedigree through long generations, and with the blood of Lexington and other famous chargers coursing in their veins. It was painful to see horses worth two or three thousand dollars selling for only a few hundreds. The principal purchasers seemed to be agents for people in the North, and many a splendid bargain was made on this occasion.

The sale took place at the open space near French's stables, on Philippa Street. When the crowd assembled, largely sprinkled with gayly dressed officers, and the noble-looking animals were brought out one after another, to exhibit their action during the bidding, the scene was one well worthy of the pencil of a Rosa Bonheur.

## IN HOSPITAL.

"Yes, there's no use denying that we had rather a stormy time of it."

And Captain Ferdinand Lawrence stroked his mustache, and complacently handled the scabbard of his sword, as he spoke, with the air of a hero who has no objection to being properly appreciated.

Grace Bryan had listened to the whole of his circumstantial description with blue, dilated eyes fixed on his, curved lips, half apart, and a cheek where the color varied, as you have seen sun and shadow chase one another over slopes of blossoming grass. No wonder that the doughty Captain felt inwardly elated at the success of his eloquence. Had he at last struck the responsive key-note to this pale young beauty's nature? Was his long servitude of love at last to meet its exceeding great reward?

Oh, Captain Lawrence, Captain Lawrence! could you but have seen into the hidden mysteries of Grace Bryan's thoughts, what a crash there would be among the dazzling colonnades and airy pediments of your grand *Chateau en Espagne!* But love is blind, and so, unfortunately, is self-esteem.

"Captain Lawrence," said Grace, with her little hands nervously interlocked, and her serious eyes never moving from his face, "was there not a private in your company called John Harral?"

Captain Lawrence gave a quick, involuntary start, but recovered himself immediately, though with a heightened color on his dark cheek:

"Harral—Harral; yes, I believe there was."

"And can you tell me what has become of him?"

"Upon my word," said the Captain, with a little uneasy laugh that was decidedly at variance with the keen glance shooting from underneath his bent brows—"Private Harral is a lucky fellow to have inspired such an interest!"

"Can you tell me what has become of him?" repeated Grace, as calmly as if she had not heard the covert sneer.

"One don't keep the run of these privates," said Lawrence, carelessly; "but if Miss Grace really cares to know, why, of course, my poor services are at her disposal!"

He drew out a little memorandum book, neatly bound in black morocco, and leisurely turned over the leaves.

"Let me see—Gates—Hall—Hanna—oh, here it is! Harral, John—marked 'missing.' Just the sort of fellow to take particularly good care of his bones and sinews—deserted, I dare say. Oh, they *will* do it, Miss Grace. Hold on, though, here's another entry. Harral—killed in the action—buried on left side of creek—hum—m—m. Any thing else I can do for you, Miss Grace?"

But Grace did not answer; she did not even ask to see the treacherous "minutes" which might have revealed their own inconsistency. She sat like one stunned, with hands still folded, and eyes mechanically fastened on the winter sunshine that quivered along the opposite wall, while the blood slowly receded from her cheek, and the color from her lip.

"Gracious Heavens, she has fainted!" ejaculated the Captain, springing from his seat. Hallo here, somebody! Bring camphor, Cologne, any thing! Confound Private Harral!"

Are there any wounds so bitter that Time, whose gentle finger draws the mantle of velvet grass over new-made graves, and puts the chiaro-oscuro of many sunrises and sunsets between us and our griefs, can not heal them? Yes, there are some that bleed on silently, and mine life and heart away with their unseen gush—and such a one was hidden under Grace Bryan's sad smile and heavy eyes, always luminous with the melancholy shine of unshed tears.

"I assure you, Miss Grace, I consider it a very Quixotic piece of business," said Captain Lawrence, in accents of grave displeasure. "You'll do nobody any good, and only upset your own nerves. It's all nonsense, this idea of ladies visiting the hospitals—what can a woman who has been accustomed to shriek at the sight of a spider do in the midst of such dreadful scenes? My dear Mrs. Bryan, do persuade your daughter to abandon this absurd fancy!"

Mrs. Bryan looked helplessly from her daughter to the Captain, and then back again.

"Captain Lawrence is right," she said. "Consider, my love, what suffering you will be compelled to witness."

"Mamma," said Grace, firmly, "is it any worse for me to witness than for these brave fellows to endure? Oh, mamma, to think that we have been sitting at home in ease and luxury while the men who periled life and limb in our behalf lie perishing within a stone's-throw of our Aladdin palaces! Let me go, for it breaks my heart to remember how selfish I have been!"

Soft-natured Mrs. Bryan looked appealingly toward the Captain. He shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, if Miss Bryan chooses to be so foolish, I have, of course, no right to interfere. Only—"

"Don't trouble yourself to finish the sentence, Captain Lawrence," said Grace, quietly. "I need not say that I have not expected the honor of your attendance, nor do I ask for it now!"

She walked out of the room with the air of a young queen. Lawrence watched her with a glance in which vexation and admiration were curiously blended.

"The superb little vixen!" he muttered between his teeth. "What evil genius has put that hospital idea in her head? However, it can't make any difference; he must be dead long ago. Only I wish I could have dissuaded her, for if— Pooh!" he broke off suddenly, "there's no use bothering myself with such an exceedingly improbable supposition. I wonder what makes me love that girl better the more she sets me at defiance? Why can't I scorn her as she scorns me? It's a curious psychological puzzle, the ins and outs of that throbbing, passionate thing that we call a heart! By all the Powers! she *shall* be mine if I peril my own soul to win her."

The noonday sunshine lay brightly on the floor of the long barrack room, with its wooden ceiling, and range of narrow pallets on either side, and Grace Bryan felt a sick giddiness reeling through her brain as she saw the pale, ghastly faces outlined against pillows scarcely whiter than themselves—the shattered arms—the mangled limbs bound down to wooden stretchers—the expressionless faces whence life and light were drifting away into the shoreless tide, side by side with muscles all racked and contorted by fierce spasms of pain! This, then, was a hospital!

"My dearest, you are fainting!"

"No, mamma, I am not," said Grace, resolutely battling with the involuntary recoil of her whole physical nature. "Let us go on. I feel quite well now."

How the sunken eyes of the sick men brightened as the fair, slight figure bent above them with gentle words of pitying encouragement—what healthful remembrances of absent mother and sister love returned to them with the touch of her long, soft curls upon their burning foreheads—the cool contact of her hand against their fevered palms! And as she passed on, strength and courage came back, and the surgeon himself wondered at her nerve and calmness.

They had reached the last of the white beds, where an attenuated figure was supported among pillows, with an open book before him. Not reading, however. The heavy eyelids drooped above the hollow cheeks, as if slumber had weighed them down, and there was a sort of weary repose shadowed over the sharpened features.

"He is asleep, do not disturb him!" murmured Grace, under her breath.

"No, he is not asleep," said the surgeon; "and this is one of the cases on which I most pride myself. Just gone, when he was brought here—dreadfully wounded at Fredericksburg, but he's in a fair way to recover now, thanks to our new system. Come a little nearer—he'll be glad to see you!"

The heavy lashes were slowly lifted at the sound of their footsteps, disclosing dark, grave eyes full of the strange mystery that only comes to those who have stood on Death's threshold and seen the flow of the dark, dark river!

"Harral! what's the matter! Speak to me!" exclaimed the surgeon, in dire perplexity. "A glass of wine, Johnson, quick! he's swooning again."

Where were your eyes, good Esculapius, to imagine that John Harral could swoon with those fluttering fingers in his own, those blue eyes pouring tides of eager light into his uplifted heart? Your Pharmacopœia knows no such remedies as these!

"I knew you would come, Grace. I knew you would not leave me all alone!" he murmured, with the passive bliss of a child who wakes from hideous dreams to find his face against his mother's bosom.

For Grace Bryan had laid her cheek on his pillow and breathed one whisper into his ear—a whisper that was like the pulsing of magnetic life through his veins.

"Tell me once more that you love me! Let me hear it over and over, dearest!" he said, with closed eyes. "Ah, I shall soon be well *now!*"

It was not until they were in the open air, safe beyond the hospital ward, that Grace Bryan fulfilled the Captain's prediction, and fainted.

"Of course; didn't I tell you it would be so?" triumphantly exclaimed Captain Lawrence, twisting the fingers of his buckskin glove round and round. "A woman can't help fainting in such a place."

"It was not from foolish terror, nor shrinking tremors," said Grace, meeting his exultant eye with the serene glance that disarmed its fire at once.

"No; what then?"

"From great happiness—the happiness of meeting one whom I have mourned for as dead."

"Mourned for as dead?" vaguely repeated the Captain.

"I have seen John Harral this day."

"Oh!" said Captain Lawrence, after a moment's blank silence, during which the ticking of his watch sounded like a thousand trip-hammers, and his face turned a dull yellow. "Indeed! Pardon me, but I've just recollected—good-morning—hope to see you again."

And so Captain Ferdinand Lawrence walked off the stage of Grace Bryan's existence.

Need we describe how Miss Grace transformed herself into nurse, physician, and consulting faculty to a hospital consisting of one patient? And how she found it an even more "interesting case" than the honest ward surgeon had done? If our readers want any more explicit details they must ask Mrs. Harral.

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